chronicles

2005 A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE $3.95

Anarcho-Tyranny

The Perpetual Revolution

L T. FRANCIS

47-2005

HFJ*********AUTO**ALL FOR ADC 941
1UZZ555BY003# OCT 08 TURE S 139 392
NZ 5370
RYANT ST # 371
ALTO CA 94301-1704

96 44629 6

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reactionary Romantics and Neo-Medievalists Take on Revolution and Rationalism!

THE ROCKFORD INSTITUTE'S EIGHTH ANNUAL SUMMER SCHOOL

Open to Students of All Ages!

"The Counterrevolution"

July 19-24, 2005

Rockford, Illinois

The French Revolution let the evil genies of the Enlightenment out of the bottle: the cult of equality, the destruction of tradition, the deliberate cultivation of every form of vice. Worst of all was the war against Christianity, a promethean attempt to restructure all society on the purely rational principles put forward by third-rate philosophers.

The challenge of the villains—Voltaire, Rousseau, Robespierre—was met by brave men: novelists and poets, such as Walter Scott, Chateaubriand, and (eventually) William Wordsworth; political theorists and philosophers, such as Joseph de Maistre and Arthur Schopenhauer; religious visionaries, such as John Keble and John Henry Newman. All were brilliant writers—so brilliant that their books had to be read, even by their enemies.

It was an age that rediscovered the Christian Faith and the glories of the Middle Ages, an age when men and women realized that landscape and tradition meant more than progress and profits.

Readings

Walter Pater
Marius the Epicurean

Arthur Schopenhauer
The World as Will and Represent

Franz Klemens Brentano (Blessed Anne Catherine Emmerich)
The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations

Sir Walter Scott
Ivanhoe

As well as
Anthony Trollope, Gerard Manly Hopkins, Oscar Wilde, John Cardinal Newman, and others

Join
Chronicles editor

Thomas Fleming

along with special guests

Hugh Barbour, O.Praem.

Prior and Seminary Lecturer at Saint Michael's Abbey, Trabuco Canyon, California; Ph.D. in philosophy from the Pontifical University of Saint Thomas Aquinas

Joseph Pearce

Author, literary biographer, and assistant professor of literature and writer-in-residence at Ave Maria University in Naples, Florida

Dr. James Patrick

Theologian, architect, and Chancellor of the College of Saint Thomas More in Fort Worth; Th.D. in theology from Trinity College, University of Toronto

Beautiful riverfront accommodations at Rockford's premier hotel: Cliffbreakers River Suites Hotel (www.cliffbreakers.com)

Please enroll me in THE ROCKFORD INSTITUTE'S Eighth Annual Summer School

- ❑ Full Registration, Double Occupancy—$595.00 (Includes all lectures and events, five nights shared lodging with breakfast, daily dinner)
- ❑ Full Registration, Single Occupancy—$695.00 (Includes all lectures and events, five nights private lodging with breakfast, daily dinner)
- ❑ Commuter Registration, lectures only—$225.00 (Includes daytime lectures only, no meals or evening events)
- ❑ Commuter Registration plus dinner—$325.00 (Includes all lectures and events, daily dinner)
- ❑ I'd like to help sponsor a young student. Enclosed is my contribution of _____. (For a gift of $500.00 or more, we will send you a complete set of audiotapes from the Summer School.)
- ❑ Please send me a brochure.

To pay by credit card, please call Cindy Link at (815) 964-5813. Undergraduate and graduate students interested in scholarships, and anyone desiring more information, should contact Christopher Check, executive vice president, at (815) 964-5811. Please do not delay registering. Registration is limited and is on a first-come, first-serve basis. The previous three Summer Schools sold out.

Name(s)_____

_____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Phone _____

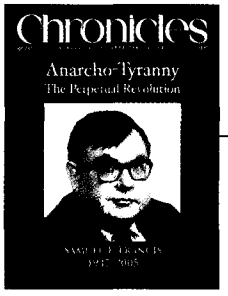
Fax _____

E-mail _____

Prices are per student.
Returning students may deduct $25.00.
All prices increase $50.00 after May 15.
Prices do not include books on the reading list.

Please mail form with check to:
The Rockford Institute • 928 North Main Street • Rockford, Illinois 61103

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Chronicles

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

PERSPECTIVE

Synthesizing Tyranny 10
by Samuel Francis

The last word.

VIEWS

The Real Fight Is Here at Home 14
by Roger D. McGrath
Fallujah, California.

Global Anarcho-Tyranny 17
by Srdja Trifkovic
A game of chess.

Samuel T. Francis, R.I.P. 23
Clyde Wilson and Thomas Fleming remember their fellow Tarheel conspirator.

NEWS

Final Solution 20
by B.K. Eakman
The hostile takeover of America's schools.

REVIEWS

My Favorite Justice 26
by Stephen B. Presser

Kevin A. Ring, ed.: *Scalia Dissents: Writings of the Supreme Court's Wittiest, Most Outspoken Justice*

Bill Kauffman on Granville Hicks' *Small Town* ◆ 29
Paul Gottfried on *Critics of the Enlightenment: Readings in the French Counter-Revolutionary Tradition*, edited by Christopher Olaf Blum ◆ **Catharine Savage Brosman** on Charles Edward Eaton's *The Work of the Sun: New and Selected Poems, 1991-2002* ◆ **V. Groginsky** on Amb. Jeffrey Davidow's *The U.S. and Mexico: The Bear and the Porcupine* ◆

CORRESPONDENCE

Letter From Poland: Polish-German Reconciliation in an Historic Town 37
by Mark Wegierski

Letter From the Upper Midwest: Life on the Iron Range by Sean Scallon 38

VITAL SIGNS

TECHNOLOGY: **Digitize Me: Fake ID** 41
by Marian Kester Coombs

AMERICAN EMPIRE: **Woodrow Wilson and America's World Empire** by Joseph E. Fallon 43

TYRANNY: **Anarcho-Tyranny, Rockford Style** 44
by Thomas Fleming

COLUMNS

THE WESTERN FRONT 13
by Paul Gottfried

THE ROCKFORD FILES 34
by Scott P. Richert

IN THE DARK 46
Hotel Rwanda
by George McCartney

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD 48
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

THE BEST REVENGE 50
by Thomas Fleming

DEPARTMENTS

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES 4

AMERICAN PROSCENIUM 6

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS 7

POETRY
The Ladder by Charles Edward Eaton 12
and *Last Flight Out* by Sally Cook 19

ON THE COVER

Cover by George McCartney, Jr. Inside illustrations by Melanie Anderson and Elizabeth Wolf.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITOR
Thomas Fleming

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Scott P. Richert

SENIOR EDITOR, BOOKS
Chilton Williamson, Jr.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Aaron D. Wolf

DESIGNER
Melanie Anderson

INTERIOR ARTIST
George McCartney, Jr.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Katherine Dalton, George Garrett, Paul Gottfried, James O. Tate, Clyde Wilson

CORRESPONDING EDITORS
Wayne Allensworth, Janet Scott Barlow, Bill Kauffman, Donald Livingston, Roger D. McGrath, William Mills, William Murchison, Andrei Navrozov

POLITICAL EDITOR
Samuel Francis

FILM EDITOR
George McCartney

FOREIGN-AFFAIRS EDITOR
Srdja Trifkovic

LEGAL-AFFAIRS EDITOR
Stephen B. Presser

RELIGION EDITOR
Harold O.J. Brown

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Cindy Link

PUBLISHER
The Rockford Institute

A publication of The Rockford Institute.
Editorial and Advertising Offices:
928 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103.
Website: *www.chroniclesmagazine.org*
Editorial Phone: (815) 964-5054.
Advertising Phone: (815) 964-5813.
Subscription Department: P.O. Box 800,
Mount Morris, IL 61054. Call 1-800-877-5459.

Copyright © 2005 by The Rockford Institute.
All rights reserved.

Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture
(ISSN 0887-5731) is published monthly for $39.99 (foreign subscriptions add $12 for surface delivery, $48 for Air Mail) per year by The Rockford Institute, 928 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103-7061. Preferred periodical postage paid at Rockford, IL and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Chronicles, P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054.

The views expressed in *Chronicles* are the authors' alone and do not necessarily reflect the views of The Rockford Institute or of its directors. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Chronicles
A Magazine of American Culture
Vol. 29, No. 4 April 2005
Printed in the United States of America

On Saving Manufacturing

Scott P. Richert ("Bleeding Red, Feeling Blue," *The Rockford Files*, January) refers to the loss of "higher-paying manufacturing positions with decent benefits" in Ohio and the Midwest generally, blaming the Bush administration and greedy multinational corporations.

I am no fan of the Bush administration. However, Mr. Bush is damned if he does and damned if he doesn't. He did raise tariffs on steel, to "protect" the steel industry in Ohio, which is the sort of thing Mr. Richert seems to want for other manufacturing industries. The inevitable result was loss of jobs in steel-using industries. However, if President Bush hadn't raised steel tariffs, he would have been condemned for steel-industry job losses, instead of for job losses elsewhere.

The loss of "good" manufacturing jobs in the Midwest has deep roots. Those jobs were "too good." The pay and benefits were not economically justified. Auto, steel, and rubber unions extorted those wages from employers, with the help of the pro-union federal government. It is no surprise that autos, steel, and rubber are the industries in deepest trouble. Workers making $10 per hour cannot afford to buy things made by workers getting $20 per hour unless the latter are twice as productive. In autos, steel, and rubber, they weren't. The auto industry particularly was notorious for malingering and featherbedding. A case in point: One of my colleagues told me that, while in college, he and another engineering student got summer jobs in a Detroit auto plant. They were assigned to an operation that was supposed to require two workers. They found that only one worker was really needed, so they agreed to split the day. While one worked, the other would study the plant, then they would switch. Shortly, they were called aside by the union shop steward, who told them, "You guys are going to kill a job."

The unions could get away with unjustified pay levels when the rest of the world was flat on its back after World War II. Americans had to "buy American" because there was nothing else. Once international trade picked up, the end was in sight. Americans realized that autos from Detroit were more expensive and less reliable than autos from Japan and Germany. They started buying them and still do.

However, the problem goes well beyond the unjustified wages extorted by manufacturing unions. These unions also supported radical leftist politicians. In Ohio, former Sen. Howard Metzenbaum and former Gov. Richard Celeste come to mind. High business taxes, overly generous Workmen's Compensation, and other antibusiness measures all helped turn the Midwest into the Rust Belt.

"Protecting" Midwest manufacturing industries by excluding foreign goods is not the answer. That only lowers the standard of living of all Americans. If people in the Midwest really want manufacturing industries to thrive here, a business-friendly climate is needed. Lower taxes, reasonable environmental regulations, and an end to the antibusiness attitude of union leaders are needed. Workers have to recognize that "good" wages need to be earned; they are not an entitlement. Also, our future workers are growing up illiterate and innumerate by comparison with competitors in foreign countries. Japanese workers do their own statistical analyses of manufacturing quality. Many American high-school graduates cannot balance a checkbook. Our students need to be able to read, write, and cipher.

It's time to quit whining about "losing good jobs." Instead, we should realize that we, as a nation, cannot consume more than we produce. If we want a higher standard of living, the only answer is higher productivity. That requires capital investment and highly trained workers. Anything that works against those also works against "good jobs."

—*Joseph P. Martino*
Sidney, OH

Mr. Richert Replies:

Mr. Martino makes a number of good points. These are, in fact, the arguments that I grew up with in an anti-union family in West Michigan in the 1970's and 80's. They are true as far as they go, but they don't go far enough.

For my family in Michigan or Mr. Martino in Ohio, the auto-industry example always springs to mind. But it simply doesn't apply to much of the manufac-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turing base of the industrial Midwest. The small manufacturers in Rockford who supplied those good jobs that are now disappearing were not, for the most part, dealing with unions. And even in the auto industry, the impact of unions today is almost negligible. Union membership continues to decline, and the unions couldn't even keep GM in Flint. NAFTA turned out to be the greatest piece of union-busting legislation ever passed. That's not to say, however, that it was the same in its effects as "right-to-work" legislation—at least not for American workers.

I don't want to dwell on the American auto industry, because those were not the jobs I was talking about in my column, but Mr. Martino should consider this question: If the problems experienced by Ford, GM, and Chrysler stemmed primarily from American autoworkers making too much money, why is the average sales price today (approximately $26,000) for a car higher after ten years of NAFTA, when much of the Big Three's production has been shifted south of the border or overseas? Shouldn't consumers be seeing significantly lower prices?

Mr. Martino paints me as a protectionist, but that's true only if you define a protectionist as someone who realizes that free trade is an ideal that never has existed—and never will. (By the way, I did not propose any tariffs, and the only tariff I mentioned was one I criticized.) When every other major industrialized country imposes border-adjusted value-added taxes that are functionally the same as tariffs on American goods imported into those countries, does that count as "free trade"? The WTO and the Bush administration say that it does. I beg to differ.

On Loving the *Patria*

Thomas Fleming's "Love the One You're With" (*Perspective*, January) is the kind of writing that first attracted me to *Chronicles* and The Rockford Institute. It is for this caliber of discussion that I return every year to the Summer School. When I read Dr. Fleming, I can be sure that English is being properly used, that the ideas are based on principles rather than on party agenda or expediency, and that I have complete sympathy with the content—paleoconservatism. There was nothing wrong with this *Chronicles* article either in its form or its burden.

Yet it saddened me greatly. I have an empty heart when it comes to a *patria*. I long for a fatherland to love. But as a transplant, an unofficial émigré, there is no immediate claim of blood and soil. The Confederacy is no more. Even the open, liberal, pre-New Deal Republic is a thing of the past. Injustice is firmly established. As Dr. Fleming's article so carefully documents, bad laws are constantly enforced. I cannot watch police dramas on television. It isn't that I can't tell which are the good guys. Rather, I don't see any good guys. Abortions are performed daily, some with money extorted from me in taxes. The one attraction Libertarianism has for me is that it finds utter disgust in political correctness. The Republican Party is simply the party of Whiggery, as it was before. George W. (no, not the father of his country) may talk about reducing government, but, in four years, he has not uninstalled a single Cabinet-level department; rather, he has added one. At least twice a week, this party asks me for money. That does not make it my political home. When you tell me that, if I do not love this country, I should move to one I can love, my only answer is: Give me a time machine, and I will. There is no lovable country in this world. Today, I can only hang my harp on the willow.

Dr. Fleming suggests that I may know "too much history." That reminds me of the T-shirt you can buy from the *Wireless* catalogue, *si hoc legere potes, nimius eruditus es.* Can I help it if that's where I live? At least with Nathaniel Hawthorne, you can tell the good from the evil. Yes, Hawthorne was a Yankee, a WASP Yankee, not even mollified by Celtic ancestry. Yet I find I have far more in common with him than with Southerners like Clinton, Gore, and Edwards, or with fellow ethnics from either the German or the Cajun side. So, if Hawthorne is that attractive, imagine my delight with Chesterton, or the Inklings, or T.S. Eliot. Maybe I do know too much history, but, without it, I would not be able to appreciate *That Hideous Strength*. Maybe I do read and write too many languages, but, so far, I haven't gotten them mixed up. See what I mean? There is no such thing as useless knowledge. The whole point of the liberal arts is to liberate. The more history you know, the freer you are.

Is all politics futile? Yes, unless the groundwork for it has been laid by education and by a solid family structure. After all, every king—and, equally important, every *paterfamilias*—is a type of the Messiah. I look forward to the day when He will return and impose His values on everyone, *cujus regnum non erit finis*. Meanwhile, will we ever get Christendom back? Don't count on it. No current geopolitical entity represents it. In fact, there isn't even anything representing an external proletariat. The old ideas can illuminate our thoughts, letting us know that, at one time, it was possible. If something similar happens in the future, it will also be dissimilar. But it will not be like our present situation.

So do we go on singing "God Bless America," knowing the equivocation in our hearts that we disguise with our lips? Or are we living now in *That Hideous Strength*? Do we need to build St. Anne's on the Hill? Can an entity that minor be our *patria*? I voted for Michael Peroutka, along with 127,000 Americans. Is that enough to do anything? Believe it or not, I do know the name of one of those 127,000 people. If we all lived in Cleveland, we might accomplish something.

Is Cleveland my fatherland? Perhaps. It's too small to have a flag, too diverse to be considered an enclave, and my own role in it is unsung. I was not born here, nor did I grow up here. It is in a "red" state, but it is situated in a "blue" county. I did rear my children here. They still live here. My grandchildren were born here. My wife is buried here, and my name is also on the monument. I love my house. The church I serve is in the city; my house is in a suburb. That church is one remaining piece of Christendom. There is no song called "God Bless Cleveland." If there were, I would take down my harp and sing it.

Don't think of me simply as a geographic exile. It is not only New Orleans that I cannot forget. It is the time in which I grew up. I am a chronological exile. Do not think that I imitate the details of the church in which I grew up. I do nothing of the sort. In college, I became a high churchman. What I do, allowing for that, has more in common with the church of my youth than any pop-culture event, any television ecclesiastics, any mainline worship, or any evangelical assembly. Other chronological exiles find my church and join it. We pray for the government, because that's what is in the prayer book. Who are we to change that?

Let me conclude by expressing my gratitude for the work you are doing.

—*The Rev. Lloyd E. Gross*
Seven Hills, OH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Andrew Bacevich

Loaded With Dynamite

According to his most fervent supporters, George W. Bush's Second Inaugural Address has already taken its place among the great speeches of modern American politics. Whether history confirms that verdict remains to be seen.

For the present, it is not the quality of the oratory but the implications for U.S. policy that deserve attention. On that score, the outlook is far from encouraging. For embedded in the speech like an IED buried alongside an Iraqi highway is the following assertion: "America's vital interests and our deepest beliefs are now one." At first glance, the sentiment could hardly appear more benign: Protective of their own freedoms, Americans will support freedom for others. Who could find fault with that? On closer examination, however, the perniciousness of this new Bush Doctrine becomes evident.

If President Bush intended, on January 20, merely to offer up frothy bromides suitable for a state occasion, we could disregard his conflation of American interests and values just as we ignore his claimed insights into the will of God. But those closest to the President caution against doing so. Mr. Bush, they emphasize, means what he says—albeit selectively. The project that he has outlined is not of a moment; it is the work of generations. In this context, the President's melding of American interests and values takes on alarming connotations. It becomes a prescription for permissiveness without responsibility.

This new Bush Doctrine builds on and broadens the already existing Bush Doctrine of preventive war. In the realm of policy, it asserts unconditional freedom of action justified by the ostensible demands of freedom. When the United States punishes, occupies, or destroys, she does so for reasons far removed from the sordid, self-interested purposes animating other nations. Since, by definition, according to President Bush, America acts on behalf of liberty, such actions are necessarily above suspicion or reproach. Those entertaining a contrary view, questioning whether American motives really differ all that much from those of great powers in ages past, are either cynics or soreheads. As a consequence, U.S. officials can rightly disregard their criticism.

Take Iraq. Charges that oil or hegemony figured in the administration's decision to invade are beneath notice, according to the President's defenders: From the outset, under the terms of the new Bush Doctrine, the aim was liberation, neither more nor less. Evidence of colossal incompetence or misjudgment—for example, the nonexistence of the fearsome arsenal that had ostensibly made Saddam Hussein such a dire threat—gets shrugged off: Of what significance are a few honest errors, given the overall grandeur of the enterprise? As to egregious misconduct such as that which occurred at Abu Ghraib, the new Bush Doctrine insists on seeing such regrettable lapses in context: The actions of a few in no way sully the high-minded efforts of the many. In this way, Bush's insistence on explaining America's purpose as "ending tyranny in our world" frees him from accountability and confers on future U.S. policymakers limitless prerogatives reinforced by unassailable moral authority.

On the other hand, even as the new Bush Doctrine empowers, it imposes no specific obligations, at least none that are evident in the text of the President's speech. The melding of interests and beliefs permits but does not impel action. President Bush and his successors will respond to the plight of the oppressed as they see fit. Indeed, they may choose not to respond at all. This is the new doctrine's unstated corollary: In her capacity as agent of liberation, the United States picks and chooses.

Again, the Bush administration's own policies show how this corollary plays out in practice. The administration that describes Saddam's removal as a moral imperative demonstrates considerably less urgency in dealing with the dictators making life miserable in Zimbabwe or Burma. Whereas alleviating the suffering of the Iraqi people demanded direct military action, when it comes to the suffering of the Sudanese people, patient diplomacy suffices. That American values should compel the United States to forego the benefits of trading with authoritarian China or of snuggling up to Pakistan's military dictator is, of course, out of the question.

In 1918, President Woodrow Wilson included in his famous Fourteen Points the principle of "self-determination," inviting ethnic groups to demand the reconfiguration of the international order to accommodate their unrequited aspirations. At the time, Wilson's secretary of state Robert Lansing described the principle as "simply loaded with dynamite" and certain to promote not freedom but chaos. "What a calamity that the phrase was ever uttered!" Lansing wrote with considerable prescience. "What misery it will cause!"

Lansing's premonition bears recalling today. If Americans heedlessly endorse George W. Bush's radical proposal, the United States may once again inflict upon herself and others great misery. Justifying anything while requiring nothing, removing constraints without imposing responsibilities, the new Bush Doctrine promises not the triumph of liberty around the world. It will, instead, cement America's growing image as a rogue superpower.

Andrew Bacevich is a professor of international relations at Boston University. His book The New American Militarism: How Americans Are Seduced by War *is just out from Oxford University Press.*

c

Save a Stamp!

E-mail your letters to the editor to:
Polemics@ChroniclesMagazine.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRESIDENT GEORGE BUSH has encouraged Arabs and Israelis to "lay down the past." "Territorial compromise is essential for peace," he said. "We seek peace, real peace. And by real peace I mean treaties." Israelis praised President Bush for promising not to railroad them into any agreements, while the Palestinians believed he showed support for their hopes for some form of self-government. The aim of the talks was for all sides to resolve their rival territorial claims.

The president in question was George H.W. Bush. The above news item, from the BBC archives (October 30, 1991), described an early round of talks in Madrid "to resolve rival territorial claims." A very similar news item could have referred to Oslo in 1993; or to Camp David and Taba in 2000-01; or to Aqaba in 2003. Most recently, President George W. Bush echoed his father's words of 14 years ago when he declared on his European tour in February that "peace is now within reach" after decades of false starts, and that "our greatest opportunity, and our immediate goal, is peace in the Middle East."

The magnitude of that opportunity, as measured in the balance of favorable and detrimental elements in the political equation, theoretically looks encouraging. The received wisdom claims that four factors favor peace now more than at any other time in half a decade. Yasser Arafat is gone, removing both a major cause of Palestinian corruption and incoherence and the reason for Israel's refusal to accept direct talks. Mahmoud Abbas's victory in the Palestinian election last January on a platform of a nonviolent quest for peace supposedly indicated that "the street" in Ramallah, Jenin, Hebron, and Gaza is tired of an *intifada* that has not yielded political results, while bringing crushing economic hardship to ordinary Palestinians. The new, centrist coalition in Israel that includes Labor is said to reflect a parallel realization west of the green line that the Jewish state cannot sustain an open-ended *status quo*. The international environment is deemed favorable, with both Europe and America apparently keen to heal the legacy of discord over Iraq by cooperating in a new push for peace in the Holy Land.

All key local players are making all the right noises. "The calm which will prevail in our lands starting from today is the beginning of a new era," Mr. Abbas declared at a summit meeting with the Israeli prime minister in Sharm el-Sheikh in February. Mr. Sharon replied by saying that an opportunity existed "to disengage from the path of blood and start on a new path."

As for the "immediacy" of Mr. Bush's goal to achieve peace in the Middle East, which is implicitly defined in terms of Washington's commitment to the role of an evenhanded broker, the fact that he is now in his second term supposedly means that he can take risks he could not afford as a first-term president hoping to get reelected. To put it bluntly, since evenhandedness means being less pro-Israeli, Mr. Bush can afford to give it a try because he need not fear what the friends of Israel will do to his campaign three years hence. His father tried evenhandedness in Madrid in 1991, and the friends of Israel responded the following year by going out of their way to ensure Bill Clinton's victory. Clinton, for his part, made a serious push for peace toward the end of his second term, when he was motivated by "legacy" and unconcerned with the electoral calculus.

There is less than meets the eye on all counts. America and Europe will "cooperate" in the quest for peace for as long as they agree on what needs to be done. The limits of that cooperation will become obvious as soon as Israel refuses to move the security fence to the green line, or to dismantle most West Bank settlements, or to share sovereignty over East Jerusalem. Far from being encouraged by Mr. Bush's declaration of support for a Palestinian state with "contiguous territory" in the West Bank, the Europeans warned that his words reflect his intention to let Israel keep control of at least some parts of "Judea and Samaria."

Mr. Bush may not care about reelection, but the neoconservative influence on his team is as strong as ever. That influence is driven by ideology, ethnic loyalty and cultural affinity, not by the electoral calculus—or by any other "rational" consideration, such as the well-being and security of the American people. Whether we are in the first or second term is immaterial to the PNAC team in Washington and to their "Christian Zionist" cannon fodder in the heartland.

The Israeli national-unity government, which supposedly has become more "dovish" with the inclusion of Labor, decided by a vote of 20 to 1 on February 20 to continue building the security fence—mostly inside the West Bank. The new route of the Wall will effectively annex seven percent of the West Bank, including four southern suburbs of Jerusalem with 10,000 Arab inhabitants. It will also incorporate the large Jewish settlement blocs of Ma'ale Adumim and Gush Etzion to Jerusalem's east and northeast, with more than 100,000 settlers. This vote shows that Mr. Sharon's vision of the eventual boundary between Israel and the putative Palestinian state is no longer his alone: It is the common position of Israel's political mainstream.

Mr. Abbas's election victory was less impressive than it looks, because his more militant rivals did not take part. Marwan Barghouti, the intransigent Fatah activist serving five life sentences in Israel for murder, decided not to oppose Abbas after much wavering. Had he run and won, we would have gloom all round instead of the current optimism. Hamas, too, decided not to field candidates this time. If and when it does, it can count on the support of a quarter of the electorate, perhaps more. The hard-liners will keep a close watch on Abbas, whose maneuvering space is strictly curtailed. No deal short of a Palestinian state within the 1967 borders, evacuation of most (if not all) Jewish settlements, shared sovereignty over East Jerusalem, and a generous compensation package for the 1947-48 refugees and their heirs will do. If Abbas tries to settle for less, he will be removed—and probably killed.

On none of those key issues are we any closer to an agreement today than we were five, or ten, or thirty years ago. And on none of those issues is Washington more likely to exercise a beneficial influence today than at any of those times. The best it could do—if it cannot be an impartial broker—is to share with Europe the burden and blame and cost of being involved in an unpleasant part of the world with which we have been too obsessed for too long.

—*Srdja Trifkovic*

THE MICHAEL JACKSON trial is underway, and the media is licking its chops

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each day in anticipation of all of the lurid details that will continue to surface over the next several months. Jackson, who is 46, has been charged with molesting a 13-year-old boy who was, at the time of the alleged incidents, a recovering cancer patient. And the fact that the self-proclaimed King of Pop regularly engages in what nearly everyone agrees is bizarre behavior has some in the American jury pool leaning toward a guilty verdict even before the testimony starts.

Oh, for those halcyon days of 1984, when Michael Jackson had not yet completely mutilated his face (only one nose job by then, according to some sources), when *Thriller* was number one (for 37 weeks), when he talked in a relatively normal voice. Far from the professional joke that he has become in the eyes of so many American consumers of pop music, Jackson was, in the Year of Orwell, at the top of his game. In February 1984, for example, he was nominated for 12 Grammys and took home 8 of them.

Times have changed, however, and, today, Jackson is in trouble. It is difficult to imagine any future Grammy nominations for the King of Pop. And, since the 1995 O.J. Simpson trial, the 24-hour-a-day U.S. infotainment industry has lived from one celebrity trial to the next, allowing us to revel in other people's shame. (Covering such a trial can make a journalist's career. We wouldn't even know about Greta Van Susteren's own facial alterations, nor would she have her own Fox News show, were it not for the Juice's Trial of the Century.) Worse for Jackson, America today is particularly sensitive toward charges of child sexual abuse. We are not willing to tolerate any monster who has satisfied his own megalomania by sexualizing children.

Back in 1984, however, it appears that we were. This is the cold, hard reality that we must face: Michael Jackson has always been about the business of sexualizing children, and America rewarded him for it by making him a multimillionaire. Where were the parents of the MTV generation when Michael Jackson rocketed to superstardom, singing such lines as "Relax your mind / Lay back and groove with mine / You got to feel the heat" (from "Rock With You")? Or what about his ejaculatory protest to "Billy Jean" that "the kid is not my son," even though "She came and stood right by me / Then the smell of sweet perfume / This happened much too soon / She called me to her room"?

The sad answer is that those parents were shelling out tens and twenties of their hard-earned disposable dollars to buy those records for their teenage and even prepubescent children to enjoy. They were paying for concert tickets so that their kids could be part of the adoring throng that screamed and fainted at his concerts. They were forking over cash for the cable bill so that those children could watch Jackson grab his private parts and dance in a manner that can only be described as simulated sex. And the rest of America looked on in approval. On May 14, 1984, President Ronald Reagan even gave Michael Jackson a "Presidential Award" for the "outstanding example you have set for the youth of America and the world."

Today, Michael Jackson might be passé, but sexualizing children isn't. How many of today's junior-high kids know all about Paris Hilton and her videotaped dalliances? How many of them know all of the words to the Top 40 songs? On Ash Wednesday, the number-four song on the Billboard Hot 100 was "Lovers & Friends" by Lil' Jon, featuring Ludacris and Usher—a song about sadomasochistic sex. "Be a good girl now, turn around, and get these whippings," they intone to America's impressionable youth. "So on all these separate days, / Your legs can go they [*sic*] separate ways."

This goes way beyond "wardrobe malfunctions" or inane puritanical crusades. We're talking about a multibillion-dollar industry that feeds off of America's kids. Recently, NBC's Katie Couric did an exposé on junior-high "friends with benefits," expressing "shock . . . [at] how casually young people treat oral sex." Is she shocked at the standard fare on today's Billboard Charts? Would it change her perception of local Top-40 radio stations or national record chains if they said, upfront, that their goal is to turn a profit by selling sex to her children? What lengths would she go to in order to protect her kids from a pedophile trying to talk dirty to her children? She might even give her life, if need be. But would she throw away her television or radio?

If the indictment before the Superior Court of California, Santa Barbara, is any indication, the parents of America will recoil in horror as details of testimony in the Michael Jackson trial emerge. But will they be brave enough to say no to today's executive pedophiles, who push sex on their children through the same media that helped make Michael Jackson what he is today?

—Aaron D. Wolf

PRESIDENT BUSH, in his State of the Union Address, repeated a campaign promise: "Because marriage is a sacred institution and the foundation of society, it should not be re-defined by activist judges. For the good of families, children, and society, I support a Constitutional Amendment to protect the institution of marriage." The President must know, however, that his amendment is not going anywhere—not last year, not this year, not ever. He needs 67 votes in the Senate, and he has 55, some of whom are squishy. Last year, the President's amendment got an embarrassing 48 votes. Has he found another 19?

To get a real counteroffensive going, the President just has to follow through on the Republican platform. The platform, adopted in New York City last August, promised to rein in "activist" judges who "threaten America's dearest institutions and our very way of life." The President, the platform assured, will "restore the separation of powers and re-establish a government of law." One way to achieve that goal is to use "Article III of the Constitution to limit federal court jurisdiction; for example, in instances where judges are abusing their power by banning the use of 'under God' in the Pledge of Allegiance or prohibiting depictions of the Ten Commandments, and potential actions invalidating the Defense of Marriage Act (DOMA)."

On January 1, Chief Justice William Rehnquist wrote, in his year-end report on the federal judiciary, that attacks on the judiciary have recently taken a "new turn," including "several bills introduced in the last Congress that would limit the jurisdiction of the federal courts to decide constitutional challenges to certain kinds of governmental action." The Chief Justice does not question the power of Congress to control the Court's jurisdiction but argues that it is bad policy—it endangers the independence of the judiciary and the rule of law. So, on the one hand, the President says the judges are "activists" meddling in matters better left to the legislature. On the other, the Chief Justice argues that he and his colleagues are hardworking judges who are being unfairly attacked.

The American people need to decide the right role for judicial decisionmaking in a republic. If the judicial func-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion is largely technical, we only need experts trained to read the laws to follow the community's wishes as expressed by its legislature. That is not controversial. On the other hand, if we believe that judges should maker the rules, their lack of a democratic mandate is a problem. The Court today takes 80 cases out of 2,000 presented to it. Its power to select gives it, in essence, the legislative power of choice. What will it be this year? "Gay" rights? Proper discipline in the first grade? The size of yard signs in a Missouri town? Prayer at football games? The Pledge of Allegiance? The death penalty? Crèches in public squares? The rights of foreign terrorists held at Guantanamo Bay? The Court, if it were technical, of course, would not have been a major issue in every presidential election for the past 40 years.

The traditional view, associated with Learned Hand, favors a very limited judiciary that is, while not purely technical, marked by judicial restraint. The role of the high court is to correct errors made below, of which there are plenty—a job the Supreme Court gave up long ago. It should intervene, as Hand said, in the most extreme situations, but, for the most part, rules are made by elected representatives, interpreted by the courts, and enforced by the executive. The traditional view today is revolutionary—but such a revolution would be celebrated by most Americans.

Last year, the House acted pursuant to Article III of the Constitution, which grants Congress control of the Supreme Court's jurisdiction—a feature the Founders included so there would always be a democratic check on the Court. A simple statute passed by a simple majority of Congress and signed by the President can assure that each state can decide for itself without fear of being overridden by a Supreme Court-imposed national rule. The same democratic check can be used for any of the culture-war issues that Congress deems better left to the States. H.R. 3313 and H.R. 2028, which, respectively, would have removed "gay marriage" and "under God" from the Supreme Court's docket—and which, apparently, struck fear into the heart of Chief Justice Rehnquist—died in the Senate after being passed by the House. Standing on his own party's platform, the President could call for both bills to be reintroduced to a much friendlier Congress and make good on his State of the Union promise.

If President Bush does so, will the Supreme Court adopt Learned Hand's judicial restraint? It's a pretty good bet. The Court has a choice: It can watch its jurisdiction break off bit by bit, or it can begin to take a more limited view of the judicial function in a republic. That is a change for which America is ready. The only question is whether President Bush is.

—*William J. Quirk*

THE *CHESTERTON REVIEW* continues on, after celebrating its 30th anniversary last year. Back in 1974, on the centenary of the birth of the great English writer G.K. Chesterton, a small and seemingly insignificant literary journal was launched in England in honor of his memory. At the time, it seemed that the memory was fading. England, like the rest of the Catholic world, was in the grips of postconciliar confusion. Modernism, which Chesterton had fought so fiercely and fearlessly in his own day, had reemerged with a vengeance, claiming, falsely, that it represented the "spirit of Vatican II." Heresy masquerading as "progressive" theology and liturgical abuse masquerading as "reform" were rampant. The times called for a new Chesterton to proclaim the wonders of orthodoxy and the blunders of the heretics. None was forthcoming. Instead, the *Chesterton Review* sought single-handedly to resurrect the old one. Few, at the time, would have forecast its success. Chesterton's reputation, so huge in his own lifetime, was waning. He was seen as representative of an old-style Catholicism that had been swept away by the Council. His influence would die away with the remnants of the aging generation who could still remember the heady days of the Catholic cultural revival of which he was a crucial part. It was only a matter of time before Chesterton and the *Review* founded in his honor would fade into the mists of largely forgotten history.

It is, therefore, with a great deal of pleasure that we can say, echoing Mark Twain, that reports of Chesterton's death were greatly exaggerated. Thirty years on, Chesterton is alive and well and living in the hearts and minds of new generations of young Christians, Catholic and Protestant, who see him, alongside C.S. Lewis, as one half of a dynamic duo who hammer the heretics with the timeless truths of orthodoxy and mere Christianity.

The Chesterton revival is, in no small part, thanks to the *Chesterton Review*. For 30 years it has succeeded in its principal aim "of promoting a critical interest in all aspects of the life and work of G.K. Chesterton." Today, it is enjoying the well-earned fruits of the burgeoning interest in Chesterton. No longer a lone voice crying in the wilderness, it has been joined by populist Chestertonian journals such as *Gilbert Magazine*, by flourishing organizations such as the American Chesterton Society, and by an abundance of new editions of Chesterton's works.

Chesterton once quipped that, if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing badly; for 30 years, the *Chesterton Review* has been doing something worth doing and doing it very well. As such, all lovers of Chesterton, and all believers in the perennial truths he defended, can rejoice that the *Chesterton Review* is still around after 30 inspirational years.

The quarterly *Chesterton Review* is available for a one-year subscription price of $30. Please call (800)526-7022 for more details.

—*Joseph Pearce*

OBITER DICTA: Our first poet this month is **Charles Edward Eaton**, who lives in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Mr. Eaton is the author of four volumes of short stories; a novel, *A Lady of Pleasure*; and many collections of poetry, including his most recent, *The Work of the Sun: New and Selected Poems, 1991-2002* (Cornwall Books). He is the recipient of the North Carolina Award for Literature, among other prizes, and was awarded an honorary Doctor of Literature degree by St. Andrews College.

Our second poet is **Sally Cook**, an artist from Silver Creek, New York. Miss Cook's paintings have been exhibited across the United States for over 40 years in such venues as the Albright/Knox Museum, the Bronx Museum, the NYU Student Center, and the World Trade Center. Some of her works belong to the William H. Littlefield Collection at Harvard University and the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution, as well as several other public and private collections nationwide.

Our interior art is provided by our designer, **Melanie Anderson**. Mrs. Anderson received her B.F.A. from Northern Illinois University.

Additional interior art is provided by **Elizabeth Wolf** of Chicago. Miss Wolf received her B.F.A. from the School of Art at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Samuel Francis

Synthesizing Tyranny

Pace W.B. Yeats, mere anarchy is not loosed upon the world. What we enjoy in this country, and to a large extent in most other Western nations, is a bit more complicated than mere anarchy. It is, in fact, the unique achievement of the political genius of the modern era: what, in 1992, I called "anarcho-tyranny," a kind of Hegelian synthesis of two opposites—anarchy and tyranny.

The elementary concept of anarcho-tyranny is simple enough. History knows of many societies that have succumbed to anarchy when the governing authorities proved incapable of controlling criminals, warlords, rebels, and marauding invaders. Today, that is not the problem in the United States. The government, as any taxpayer (especially delinquent ones) can tell you, shows no sign of collapsing or proving unable to perform its functions. In the United States today, the government works efficiently. Taxes are collected (you bet), the population is counted (sort of), the mail is delivered (sometimes), and countries that never bothered us are invaded and conquered.

Yet, at the same time, the country habitually wallows in a condition that often resembles Thomas Hobbes' state of nature—nasty, brutish, and short. Crime rates have indeed declined in the last decade or so, but violent crime remains so common in larger cities and their suburbs that both residents and visitors live in a continuous state of fear, if not terror. The most obvious sign of what would normally be called anarchy is the immigration invasion. By some serious estimates, no fewer than 11-to-13-million illegal aliens now live in the United States, most of them from Mexico or Central America. The Mexican government actively encourages this invasion and, as the press recently reported, even provides to its own citizens a guidebook on how to carry it out. Our government does nothing serious to stop the invasion, to apprehend the invaders, or to deter the aggression that the Mexican state is perpetrating. The invaders—as residents of Arizona, where some 40 percent of illegal aliens enter the country, constantly complain—threaten the lives, safety, and property of law-abiding American citizens; depress wages; gobble welfare; and constitute a new underclass that is an object of demagogic political manipulation by both American and Mexican politicians. (The illegals in this country cannot legally vote, though that does not necessarily stop them, but they remain voters in Mexico, and Mexican politicians now routinely campaign for their votes inside the United States.) The federal government invaded Iraq, although Iraq never harmed or threatened us, but it does virtually nothing to resist the massive invasion (and eventually the conquest) of its own country and the deliberate violation of its own laws by Mexico.

What we have in this country today, then, is both *anarchy* (the failure of the state to enforce the laws) and, at the same time, *tyranny*—the enforcement of laws by the state for oppressive purposes; the criminalization of the law-abiding and innocent through exorbitant taxation, bureaucratic regulation, the invasion of privacy, and the engineering of social institutions, such as the family and local schools; the imposition of thought control through "sensitivity training" and multiculturalist curricula, "hate crime" laws, gun-control laws that punish or disarm otherwise law-abiding citizens but have no impact on violent criminals who get guns illegally, and a vast labyrinth of other measures. In a word, *anarcho-tyranny*.

One example of the coexistence of anarchy and tyranny must suffice. On January 9 of this year, a man named Mustafa Mohammed, a Somali immigrant, was arrested at the retirement home in Alexandria, Virginia, where he worked, for repeatedly slashing the faces of the residents. Some six elderly residents were injured, one with a broken neck and another requiring 200 stitches. Mr. Mohammed, the alleged perpetrator, has been in trouble before, for a violent altercation committed while working at a local pharmacy. When some other workers made fun of him, he began hitting one of them, a fellow Somali immigrant, in the face. Charges against Mr. Mohammed were dropped after his victim declined to testify ("because other members of the Somali community begged him not to go forward," as the *Washington Post* reported). It is understandable why the prosecution went nowhere, but why did Mr. Mohammed wind up with a job in a retirement home?

At the same time when the police, courts, and Somali community were dealing with Mr. Mohammed, the Washington police were engaged in more serious business. They were deploying yet another four hidden cameras in the District of Columbia to catch speeders. Despite earlier assurances from the District government that the purpose of the cameras was public safety, D.C. Mayor Anthony Williams acknowledged in authorizing the four new devices that "the continued processing of District tickets and the collection of District revenues" were the reasons for them. Since August 2001, similar hidden cameras have raked in the tidy sum of $63 million for the District.

Under anarcho-tyranny, the control of genuinely dangerous elements like Mustafa Mohammed is put on the back burner. The real problem is how to squeeze money out of ordinary citizens who will not complain, will not fight back, and will not start slashing people in the face.

Anarcho-tyranny, of course, is not confined to the United States. In Western Europe, by some estimates, there are some 800 people now imprisoned for what can only be called "thought crimes"—for violations of the laws of various countries against racial "defamation" (usually, using racial or ethnic epithets and slurs), denying the holocaust, complaining about immigration, talking about racial differences, and even criticizing non-Western religions. Last December, British police arrested two leaders of the anti-immigration British National Party—Nick Griffin and the BNP's founder, John Tyndall—because hidden cameras (not for speeders or for collecting revenue but for spying) had recorded them saying unkind things about Islam. Mr. Griffin reportedly called it "a wicked religion." The West Yorkshire police boasted that they had deployed a team of officers for the Griffin case "five days a week, ten hours a day." As Rod Liddle, a reporter for the London *Spectator*, commented in an article about the case:

Now at this point in the article, a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> really good journalist would tell you how big that team of policemen was. And how much the investigation had cost the taxpayer. And also cross-referenced it with how many burglaries, muggings, etc., had been carried out in the West Yorkshire area from July to 12 December. Especially unsolved ones. But I haven't been able to find that stuff out: the police won't tell me. But let's just remember: a team of police officers, five days a week, ten hours per day.

Just as hidden financial interests were the immediate reasons for the deployment of traffic cameras in Washington, there were hidden political reasons for the round-up of Mr. Griffin, a Cambridge-educated lawyer who was planning on standing for Parliament in the constituency of David Blunkett, then home secretary in the Blair regime. The Home Office, as the *Spectator* article made fairly clear, seems to have had more than a little to do with the Griffin bust. Mr. Blunkett, Mr. Liddle suggests,

> wished to placate New Labour's enormous Muslim constituency which has been querulous of late, partly over the war against Iraq, partly over the arrests of suspected Muslim terrorists here in the UK. What better way to do a bit of placating than round up the ghastly racists of the BNP?

But pragmatic motives like wanting more money for government or muzzling political rivals are not the real motors of anarcho-tyranny. Nor is the simple calculation of many law-enforcement personnel that speeders and red-light runners do not usually shoot back. Only real criminals do, so it is much safer to get tough with the pseudocriminals than with the real ones. But these and similar cases are merely instances of how essentially corrupt politicians and administrators exploit the anarcho-tyrannical system for their own immediate gain or use it to avoid doing the often dangerous and difficult jobs they are supposed to do. What really drives the system is the revolution of our time, the internal onslaught against traditional identities and values that is usually termed the "culture war." When we think about which laws are enforced and which are not, this becomes clear.

The laws that are enforced are either those that extend or entrench the power of the state and its allies and internal elites (the police, the military, the bureaucracies, the teaching and brainwashing class, the tax collectors, the professional social engineers whose business it is to design and implement the revolution, *etc.*) or else they are the laws that directly punish those recalcitrant and "pathological" elements in society who insist on behaving according to traditional norms—people who do not like to pay taxes, wear seat belts, or deliver their children to the mind-bending therapists who run the public schools; or the people who own and keep firearms, display or even wear the Confederate flag, put up Christmas trees, spank their children, and quote the Constitution or the Bible—not to mention dissident political figures who actually run for office and try to do something about mass immigration by Third World populations. Such dangerous elements are the main targets of the tyranny part of anarcho-tyranny.

For that matter, they also happen to be the main targets of the anarchy part. The laws that do not get enforced are those that protect such elements and their families and communities—laws against immigration itself as well as laws that are supposed to protect ordinary citizens against ordinary criminals. In the revolution, you see, the ordinary criminal, as well as the illegal immigrant, is at least an honorary member, if not a full-fledged officer, of the revolutionary class, like Karl Marx's proletariat or Herbert Marcuse's countercultural college students and hippies. By contrast, common hoodlums who commit rapes, robberies, and murders serve as the *de facto* field troops of the culture war, and it is hardly an accident that there is now a growing movement to extend the vote to those criminals unlucky enough to have landed in prison. Having served the revolutionary elite well, they deserve a promotion.

Anarcho-tyranny, then, is not just a deformation of the traditional system of government nor a symptom of "decadence." The state today is perfectly capable of enforcing laws against illegal immigration and catching and deporting the illegals who are already here. It is also entirely capable of catching and imprisoning or executing the killers, rapists, and robbers who continue to haunt our streets and neighborhoods, just as it is entirely capable of catching speeders and red-light runners. The conventional conservative explanation of such "failures" on the part of the state, as the result of "weakness of will" or something, does not wash. The state and those who control it clearly have the will to enforce those laws they wish to enforce. The state does not "fail" to enforce the rest; it has no intention of enforcing them nor any desire to do so.

Anarcho-tyranny is entirely deliberate, a calculated transformation of the function of the state from one committed to protecting the law-abiding citizenry to a state that treats the law-abiding citizen as, at best, a social pathology and, at worst, an enemy. Having captured the state apparatus, the anarcho-tyrants are the real hegemonic class in contemporary society, and their function is to formulate and construct the new "culture" of the new order they envision, a culture that rejects as repressive and pathological the traditional culture and civilization.

The conservative misunderstanding and mischaracterization of anarcho-tyranny as "decadent" or the result of "weakness of will" (or, alternatively, of "relativism" or "nihilism"), in fact, only helps mask and consolidate the system's real purposes and functions. As long as those who recognize that there is something at all wrong with the system think it is only a kind of glitch—the result of corruption, typical bureaucratic inefficiency, or decadence, *etc.*—then they will think it can be "fixed" through conventional political means. Just kick the bums out and elect a new set of good honest Republicans and movement conservatives who read *National Review*, and all will be well. They will enforce law and order and beef up the border patrol. Everything is OK.

Of course, everything is not OK, because anarcho-tyranny is the system itself, not just a problem in the system, and one important reason it has been able to triumph and lock itself into power is that it depends on the very passivity and conservatism it instills in the population it rules. The population it is enslaving does not need to resist like the violent criminals the anarcho-tyrants refuse to control, but it does need to be willing to act like the citizenry of the real republic that anarcho-tyranny has subverted and displaced. Only if the serfs are willing and able to assume the tasks and duties of governing themselves rather than merely to endure whatever their masters hand down to them will the twin anarchy and tyranny that the current system imposes begin to crumble. "Who would be free," wrote Lord Byron, "himself must strike the blow." c

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Ladder

by Charles Edward Eaton

I have done this so many times, almost to the point of hate—
Reared, raised, reached up for the exalted moment
Only to fall back from the waterfall: the salmon, lemon, nestled on a plate.

The ladder tempted me to climb the garden wall,
The richness rising, rising, as one climbed—
At the top one almost hoped to see Eros, one's fairer brother, before the fall.

It is not that the fish was not quite plump, the lemon tart enough—
It was simply the swoon from atmosphere and amplitude
Told any broader view of things the sea was rough.

Just at the top, not that face, the welcome and erotic imagining:
Below the loveliest garden and the nubile girls—
Something—and just then—brushed the surface with dark wing.

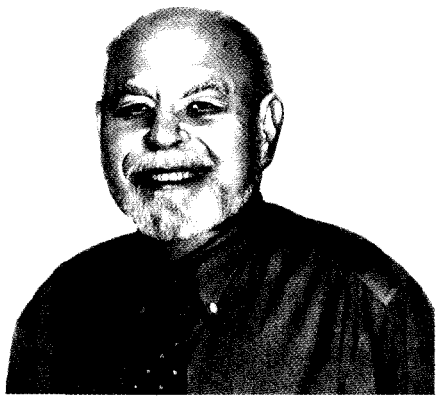
It needed a stroke of theater, it needed joints and seams—
Humpty Dumpty with his fish, the violent sea far off, death's wing:
How can one knock together anything at all in resemblance to your dreams?

You must become, and say it over, over, master of means, master of mood:
The sea crimped under the brilliant plate, the wing sharp as a knife, the walking ladder—
Eros is naked, has no habit—go there, go there in habitude.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Paul Gottfried

Going Nowhere



Agostino Carrino, a Neapolitan legal theorist now associated with the University of Naples Frederick II, has published a series of tracts (available in Italian, German, and French) aimed at the European Union and its claims to legitimacy. Particularly in his last two works, *Democrazia e governo del futuro* (2000) and *L'Europa e il futuro delle costituzioni* (2002), Carrino contrasts a true European community with the mind-set that the intended European superstate has brought forth,

> the chatter of someone in a restaurant in Brussels or of someone who believes himself to be the repository of higher morality than that of the common man [seen in the passion of one of the Italian authors of the Chart of Human Rights derivative from the non-existent supermorality of Italian judges].

Carrino perceives in the E.U. constitution—for which Germans will not even be allowed to vote—and in the preceding Human Rights Act of October 2000 anything but a democratic will. The European Union represents business lobbies, Pecksniff judges concerned with hate speech and dreading the possible end of Third World immigration, entrenched bureaucrats, and the Enlightenment fixation on abstract rights—to which actual people have to be fitted. Viewed from the shrunken interests of self-identified nations, what is happening is this: Supernational economic structures, judges armed with invented rights, and sanctimonious, deracinated administrators are plundering and occupying Europe.

Carrino offers blistering comments on the European Union but may be immune to attacks as a hate criminal because he is obviously a socialist. There are two of his strictures in particular that strike me. One, the flowering of E.U. constitutionalism came during "the breakdown of constitutionalism" (*tracollo della costitutuzione*), before the economic explosion of the 90's led to a fixation on political as well as economic globalism. The current triumph in our own country of a neoconservative foreign policy, designed to export American democracy everywhere, has also impeded the breakdown of the trend toward a faith in constitutions creating nations. Carrino is correct to note the obsolescence of what is being tried. The belief that "texts" can give birth to governments is a very old liberal idea but has only worked to the extent that an historic ruling class and a nation that can incorporate a constitution into its collective existence are already in place. Otherwise, we are left with what Carrino, borrowing Carl Schmitt's term, calls "motorized directives," with administrators and judges running society by issuing orders. Constitutions may linger in such a situation, but only as window dressing for those extraconstitutional honchos who regulate the lives of "citizens." Contrary to Jürgen Habermas's fond wish, a European constitution will not "politicize" or jump-start a European identity. So far, the European project has not even led to a minimal acknowledgement of Europe's Christian, classical, and Germanic heritages. Constitutions, when they did work, came from jurists who served aristocrats or the bourgeoisie, which replaced the aristocracy as the bearers of the national idea. They were not the creators, but the reflections, of an organic identity.

Two, what the European legal project has done thus far is to wreak havoc on existing political and juridical frameworks. Carrino cites the case of England's attempt to incorporate the Human Rights Act, and the attached European Convention of the Rights of Man of 1950, into her unwritten constitution. The result has been to subvert millennial political traditions. Parliament is no longer the supreme organ of British law but has its judgments subjected to E.U. courts, which can strike down with a "declaration of incompatibility" what Parliament decides. Moreover, the common law will no longer be able to build entirely on precedents, except to the degree that its decisions are congruent with E.U. directives. Carrino multiplies these examples of E.U. meddlesomeness to show what Europeans may have to put up with if Brussels gets its way. He also scoffs at the modernist notion that informs this new constitutionalism,

> the freeing of individuals from tradition, from religious, economic, and social ties and from a community of any kind; this liberation has now been translated into the recognition for every single individual subject of a circle of "rights," particularly the right to form voluntary associations, in opposition to involuntary associations of a traditional type to which one accedes by birth, which was the historical premise for the successive ascriptions of "duties" and "obligations" deriving from the juridical status of "citizen."

At this point, I am led to dissent. Just because something is absurd and socially destructive does not mean that people do not or cannot be made to believe it. As my late father-in-law, who witnessed Nazi and Soviet tyrannies in rapid succession and the willingness of some to accommodate themselves to any abomination, used to put it: "The people are a collective fool." And that includes Americans, as well as our President, in a country that Carrino falsely imagines has turned her back on abstract individualism. He also praises "democracy," properly understood, which existed in Swiss cantons and in early America but has less and less to do with the Western world today. Here, citizens do not seem notably guided by "duty" and family responsibility. Contrary to his assurance that the European Union will not advance beyond where it has gone and will soon lose importance, it seems that the Eurocrats will do fine, if Europeans do not change. As for Europe, her *tracollo* may be more certain than that of the scribblers of state-building papers whom Carrino scorns. Right now, the nonreproducing, de-Christianized, and denationalized Europeans and Habermas may be well suited to each other.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Real Fight Is Here at Home

Fallujah, California

by Roger D. McGrath

On our refrigerator door, we have posted photos and stories of Marines who have lost their lives in the Iraq war. Among them are Cpl. Jason Dunham and Lance Cpl. Aaron Austin. Dunham was 22 when he dived onto a grenade to protect his buddies in K Company, 3rd Battalion, 7th Marines. A top high-school athlete from Scio, New York, he wanted to become a state trooper one day. In the Corps, he became a machine gunner and was leading a squad manning a checkpoint near Husaybah when an Iraqi leaped from a car with a grenade in his hand. Dunham wrestled him to the ground, warned off other Marines, and smothered the grenade with his body. Grievously wounded, Dunham was airlifted to Bethesda Naval Hospital. He hung on for a week before dying, his mother and father at his side, each holding a hand of their son. For his sacrifice, he became the first American recommended for the Medal of Honor in the Iraq war.

Reared in Texas and New Mexico, 21-year-old Aaron Austin was also a machine gunner. He arrived in Iraq with E Company, 2nd Battalion, 1st Marines, for his second tour of duty. As fate would have it, 2/1 was chosen to lead the assault on Fallujah. Austin and his machine-gun crew supported squads of riflemen fighting their way, building by building, through the insurgent stronghold. Just when the action seemed to subside for a time and he had his gun positioned on a building top, insurgent Iraqis launched a fierce counterattack. Hit by machine-gun and rifle fire and exploding grenades, several Marines in his crew were wounded. Austin and another Marine carried the wounded to vehicles below, and then Austin shouted, "We've got to get back on the roof and get on that gun." Through a hail of bullets, Austin ran and crawled until he was back, firing his machine gun into the enemy. Badly wounded and bleeding, he kept firing, and the attack began to falter. With his last bit of strength, he straightened up and hurled a grenade into the midst of the attackers. Several fell, others scattered, and the attack was halted. Austin collapsed, mortally wounded. He has been recommended for the Navy Cross.

Jason Dunham and Aaron Austin are only two of the more than 1,500 Americans who have died in Iraq. More than 10,000 have been wounded. Most of those killed have been PFC's, lance corporals, and corporals. Few are older than 22 or 23. Many in their photos, including Dunham and Austin, look 17. It breaks your heart. They are boys with hearts of lions. They have upheld the finest traditions of the American military. I fear, however, that their courage and sacrifice has been misused in some kind of grand Machiavellian scheme that has little to do with protecting America.

Corresponding editor Roger D. McGrath is the author of Gunfighters, Highwaymen, and Vigilantes.

If the consequences were not so serious, I would laugh when I hear President George W. Bush talk about the need to establish secure borders in Iraq. Is this the same President who allows more than a million illegal immigrants to invade the United States each year? Doesn't it seem reasonable to secure our own borders here at home before we worry about some Islamic hellhole in the Middle East? The gap between statements issued in Washington and reality has become so wide—the *casus belli*, I do recall, was an imminent threat from weapons of mass destruction—that Monty Python could hardly make a movie that had more bizarre twists and turns and more characters ripe for hyperbolic parody. Saddam Hussein, the monster of the Middle East, the Hitler, Stalin, and Tojo of the 21st Century, came out of a hole in the ground looking like a drug-addled, bearded, long-haired, malnourished survivor of Grateful Dead concerts. Three-hundred-billion dollars and 12,000 casualties for this piece of Arab flotsam?

Meanwhile, the debate continues over the number of "boots on the ground," while President Bush has said nothing about "boots on the border." Primarily Mexicans, but also Salvadorans, Guatemalans, and others, pour across our southern border as if it did not exist, taxing the infrastructure of California, in particular, to the breaking point. Nonetheless, the relatively unspectacular invasion of illegal immigrants does not focus the attention of the nation the way bombs and bullets do and is, as a consequence, all the more insidious. In California, our schools are overwhelmed by the influx of Spanish-speaking children. Reeling from the costs of treating illegal aliens and delivering their babies, emergency rooms and hospitals are closing at an alarming rate. Nearly one third of all crime in the state is now the product of illegal aliens. This is not an innocuous, let alone beneficial, flow of economic refugees. This is an invasion. California is not only turning brown, it is turning red—as in bankrupt. The cost to the state each year for services to illegal aliens is conservatively estimated at five billion dollars. It may very well be double that.

Individual counties, too, are enduring enormous costs from illegal aliens. On a typical day, nearly 5,000 of the 17,000 inmates in Los Angeles County jails are illegal aliens, mostly Mexican nationals. Last year, it cost L.A. County taxpayers $150 million to jail illegal-alien criminals. "There is a very high rate of recidivism among them," said Chuck Jackson, chief of the Correctional Services Division. Recidivism? Unbelievable as it may sound, they were not deported when released from jail because, until recently, there has been almost no cooperation between county jails and Immigration and Customs Enforcement. Late in January, the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors voted three to two to have ICE train special personnel to interview suspected illegal aliens and determine if they should be transferred to federal cus-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tody for possible deportation after serving their jail sentences. Interviews with suspected illegal aliens will only be allowed, however, after the illegal aliens have been convicted. "What I don't want to see is somebody getting deported after having been acquitted of a crime," said Supervisor Zev Yaroslavsky. It would be a damn shame to deport someone for having done nothing more than ignore our national sovereignty, crash our border, and reside illegally in our country.

"Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free." It looks as if Mexico, especially, has given us not only her tired and poor, huddled in vans and trucks and definitely yearning to breathe, but also her criminal. California's prison population of illegal aliens has soared since the 1980's. The prison system now holds nearly 30,000 foreign born, most of them illegal and most of them from Mexico. It costs California taxpayers $31,000 a year to house each prisoner. Total costs come to about $900 million. Last year, the federal government allocated $300 million to reimburse states that incarcerate foreign nationals. California received $109 million, leaving the Golden State some $800 million short. With California billions in the red, Gov. Arnold Schwarzenegger has argued that Washington should cover the full costs since immigration is a federal responsibility.

Last December, a special conference was convened in Los Angeles on the problem of foreign nationals in California prisons. The principal concern was establishing a regular country-to-country transfer of prisoners. Such a program would primarily involve transferring Mexicans from California to Mexico. Diplomats from the consulates of Canada, Germany, and Sweden said they would participate, but no one from the Mexican consulate responded to a formal invitation and numerous phone calls from the California legislator who organized the event. The Mexican government finally said that "budgetary concerns" prevented it from flying "an appropriate consulate official" from Mexico. The California representative said any official from the Mexican consulate in Los Angeles would do. No deal. At least the Swedes were there. Any casual observer can see that our prisons are overflowing with big blond guys from Goteborg.

When faced with serious charges, criminal Mexican illegal aliens often save the state of California money by fleeing south of the border. There, they live with impunity, because Mexico will not extradite a Mexican facing a possible life sentence or the death penalty. Thousands of such fugitives are currently in Mexico. Some 350 of them are wanted for murders committed in Los Angeles County alone. David March was a 33-year-old, married, 6'5" Los Angeles County sheriff's deputy who loved his job. On April 29, 2002, in a routine traffic stop, he pulled over a car driven by Armando "Chato" Garcia. Unknown to March, Garcia was a Mexican drug dealer who already had been deported three times—in 1992, 1994, and 2001. March was also unaware that Garcia was wanted by the Baldwin Park police for two counts of attempted murder and by the El Monte police on a weapons charge. Garcia greeted March with a blazing 9mm semiautomatic. March collapsed to the pavement, mortally wounded. Garcia lives openly in Mexico today. March's widow has done everything in her power during the last two years to see justice done. Without President Bush's cooperation, however, nothing can be accomplished.

Mexico occasionally tries the fugitives if they have murdered other Mexican nationals. Illegal alien Juan Manuel Casillas was living in Van Nuys, a formerly white middle-class bedroom community in the heart of the San Fernando Valley. In 1999, Casillas fatally shot his former girlfriend, 17-year-old Olivia Munguia, and her cousin, 15-year-old Jessica Zavala, as the teenagers walked to school. Within a day, Casillas was across the border and safely ensconced in Mexico. For two years, the Los Angeles district attorney's office worked for his extradition, even offering not to seek the death penalty for the dual murder, but to no avail. Outraged, Saul Zavala, the father of Jessica and uncle of Olivia, armed himself and headed for Mexico. Not only was there word that Casillas was living in his home state of Jalisco, but Olivia's parents both lived in Mexico. It seems that Olivia had come north with her uncle and his family.

Melanie Anderson

Saul Zavala never caught up with Casillas, but the Mexican authorities finally took Casillas into custody and tried him for the murders. At least, they say they did. Zavala doubts that a trial ever took place because no one concerned, including witnesses, was ever notified. Casillas supposedly was convicted and sentenced to 60 years. Taken at face value, it would seem that a degree of justice had been meted out. It is an open secret, however, that, in Mexico, with pesos properly distributed, sentences can be reduced dramatically. Casillas will likely serve something under ten years. Then, he will probably be back. Under our current laws and treaties, since Casillas was tried and convicted in Mexico, he cannot be tried again in California.

Large sections of the San Fernando Valley are now off limits to peaceful, law-abiding citizens. LAPD cops used to get assigned to one of the department's Valley divisions during their last few years as a kind of retirement on the job. The Devonshire division was known as Sleepy Hollow because the officers assigned to the graveyard shift, which saw the most action in central Los Angeles, spent the night snoozing in their patrol cars. Not so today. Murder and other serious crimes are commonplace. Most of those committing the felonious crimes are illegal aliens or the children of illegals. Again, the suspects take an escape route south to Mexico. The Valley's top ten most-wanted list of alleged murderers includes Gustavo Araiza, Oswaldo Barillas, Arcadio Valverde Cardenas, Milburgo Zagal Flores, Steve Garcia, Jacob Gomez, Alvaro Beltrani Merino, and Jesus Jose Vazquez. Eight of ten suggests something more than anecdotal coincidence. Nine of the ten most-wanted fugitive murderers in central Los Angeles also

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

carry Spanish surnames and have first names such as Fausto, Pedro, Cesar, and Demecio.

These cases are not anomalies. More than 90 percent of outstanding warrants for murder in Los Angeles County are for fugitive illegal aliens. With a few Armenian exceptions, nearly all of them have Spanish surnames and are thought to have fled to Mexico. This is no longer a problem peculiar to Los Angeles County or to California. Los Angeles County District Attorney Steve Cooley estimates that up to 3,000 murder suspects nationally have slipped into Mexico. Although done by the ones and twos, the number of murderers they have committed surpasses the number of those who died when Arab terrorists crashed jetliners into the World Trade Center.

Los Angeles County District Attorney Steve Cooley estimates that up to 3,000 murder suspects nationally have slipped into Mexico. The number of murderers they have committed surpasses the number of those who died when Arab terrorists crashed jetliners into the World Trade Center.

Mexican gangs control entire neighborhoods in Los Angeles, and "taggers" have left every paintable surface in those areas sprayed with gang symbols and names. Like dogs marking their yards, taggers spray paint their territory. The tagging has gotten so bad in the San Fernando Valley, once upon a time—with a few exceptional pockets at its east end—a virtually lily-white and crime-free region, that, in mid January, a task force of 150 law-enforcement personnel conducted a pre-dawn sweep of 70 homes of suspected taggers. The probation officers, sheriff's deputies, and LAPD cops seized not only stockpiles of spray-paint cans but large amounts of marijuana, methamphetamines, and other narcotics, and 15 guns. Thirty-two people were arrested.

The gangs do more than spray paint and smoke dope: They murder. During the last four years, 3,100 murders in Los Angeles County have been attributed to gangs. A dozen years ago, the majority of these would have been committed by members of black gangs, such as the Bloods and Crips. Not so today. Latino gangs, many composed mainly of illegal aliens, now commit the majority of murders and outnumber black gangs 209 to 152. They have more than double the number of members of black gangs. The 18th Street gang, with as many as 20,000 members, may be the bloodiest criminal organization in Southern California. Police estimate that nearly two thirds of its members are from south of the border. Although far smaller, the Lil' Cycos gang has a similar composition and proportionately commits as many murders. Mara Salva Trucha, a Salvadoran gang, has thousands of members and a bloody reputation as well.

Since so many of the Latino gangs are made up of illegal aliens, it would seem that checking gang members for their immigration status would be a rather easy way to fracture their criminal organizations. But that is not allowed in Los Angeles. Pressure from the Los Angeles city council and immigration activists and organizations caused the LAPD to enact Special Order 40 in 1979, which prohibits officers from "initiating police action where the objective is to discover the alien status of a person." Only after a suspect commits a criminal act and is arrested by the police can they investigate his immigration status. This means the police pull criminal illegal aliens off the street by ones and twos instead of by the hundreds. The relatively small numbers they actually take off the streets are quickly replaced by new recruits fresh from Mexico or Central America.

The supply is endless. Mexico has 105 million people, and 42 million of them live below the poverty line. Guatemala has 14.3 million people, and 11 million of them live below the poverty line. El Salvador has 6.6 million people, and 3.2 million of them live under the poverty line. That is more than 56 million people living below the poverty line in countries immediately to our south, countries that are rife with crime and corruption, countries that encourage the illegal exportation of their poverty-stricken and criminal citizens to the United States.

While Mexico does not extradite Mexicans who have committed capital crimes in the United States back to California or any other state, she does encourage illegal immigration to the hated nation of gringos to the north. During January, the Mexican government began distributing more than a million copies of *Guia Del Migrante Mexicano*, a guidebook for illegal entry into the United States. The 32-page illustrated booklet describes, among other things, the best routes for travel, what to do when lost, how to ford streams, types of clothing to wear, quantities of water needed, food to pack, rights if arrested by the U.S. Border Patrol, and the operations of smugglers—the so-called coyotes. The guidebook is also available online for internet-savvy Mexicans and can be picked up at Mexican consulates in the United States.

If the booklet were not enough to insult our sovereignty, in January, Mexican congressman Javier Guizar Macias announced that he would open another field office—not in his district in Mexico but in East Los Angeles. "This is a link to our Congress," he said. "The office will be a point of contact." The establishment of the office has stirred some controversy, although not a word has been heard from the U.S. government. Those questioning the opening of the office are Mexican rivals of Macias who say he is doing it to capture the vote of Mexican nationals living in Los Angeles.

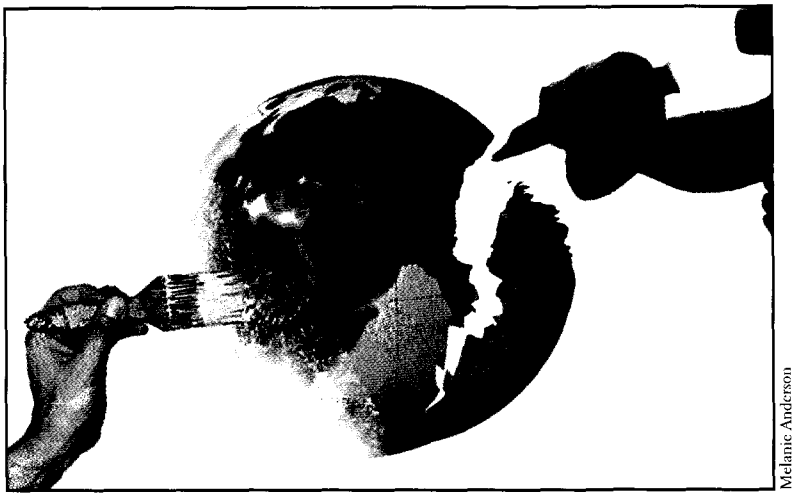
An invasion from south of the border has been underway since the 1970's. Those might be vans and trucks carrying the invaders instead of tanks and APC's, but it is an invasion nonetheless. Americans are being rapidly dislodged and replaced; the social fabric, rent; the tax base, destroyed; institutions, corrupted; and our sovereignty, compromised. All the while, El Presidente Jorge Bush does nothing—except proffer amnesty to those who invade our country and send our boys to die on distant shores.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Global Anarcho-Tyranny

A Game of Chess

by Srdja Trifkovic



Melanie Anderson

The kind of regime that is being imposed on the world by what still passes for the West has two basic forms. The form preferred by the Democratic Party in the United States and by the European Union is multilateralist and therapeutic. The form favored by the people who currently control U.S. foreign policy is unilateralist and triumphalist.

The former claim to be motivated by the disinterested desire to bring peace, human rights, and democracy to the benighted multitudes who do not have those blessings but are allegedly entitled to enjoy them. They are commonly known as liberals but have more in common with Marx and Gramsci than with Mill or even Wilson. They are not opposed to military interventions but want them approved by a semimystical "International Community" (*i.e.*, themselves) and conducted in pursuit of ideals common to all men. In last year's election campaign, John Kerry thus insisted that "those ideals and interests in this globalized world are consistent with the peace, prosperity, and self-determination of every country on earth." As long as there is a single country anywhere in the world that does not enjoy peace, prosperity, and self-determination, the adherents of this view will feel justified to seek new U.N. authorizations for various Wars for Human Rights. The intervening country's security interests, as defined in any traditionally intelligible sense, are explicitly discarded in favor of a regime of global social work. As Kerry put it, "America has taken a rare step in human history in arguing that its interests and the world's are one."

The latter are commonly known as neoconservatives, but there is nothing remotely conservative in their worldview. They also use universalist rhetoric, notably when trying to justify their Iraqi adventure by the alleged need to expand democracy in the Middle East. Ultimately, however, they assert the right of the United States to act in pursuit of her security interests, provided that *they* define those interests, in disregard of the desires and misgivings of other players in the international system. The fact that their definition of American interests is, at best, eccentric and, at worst, treasonous must not be discussed. At home, they impose a numbing uniformity of discourse; abroad, the neoconservatives revel in what William Kristol and Robert Kagan have memorably termed, almost a decade ago, the regime of "benevolent global hegemony."

Both camps claim that everyone around the world wants what "we" want and, moreover, that "they" want "us" to give it to "them." Both are ready to impose their gifts by force, if it turns out that the recipients of their largesse are reluctant to accept it. The former will pretend to use that force in sorrow; the latter will barely conceal their joy in using it when they are confident of winning quickly and cheaply.

In real life, both are acting in blatant disregard for their stated principles. We can offer but a brief summary before asking what is really going on.

In 1979, the first American administration in history to proclaim that "human rights" were its guiding light and main objective decided to support hard-core Muslims in the insurgency against the Soviets in Afghanistan. As we now know, that decision was a strategic mistake: It prompted the release of the jihadist genie from a bottle that had remained sealed for almost three centuries following the siege of Vienna. Zbigniew Brzezinski's "brilliant idea" (as he called the Afghan covert action in an interview almost two decades after the event) violated the stated principles of the Carter administration, which claimed to abhor *Realpolitik* and to uphold human rights. Billions of dollars were eventually poured into the coffers and arsenals of people who openly stated their intention to rebuild

---

Chronicles' foreign-affairs editor Srdja Trifkovic is the author, most recently, of The Sword of the Prophet: Islam—History, Theology, Impact on the World.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an early-medieval Allahocracy in which women would remain downtrodden and the Kufr would be killed or enslaved. They did not hide their desire to export this model to the rest of the Muslim world.

The fruits of U.S. support were beyond the jihadists' wildest dreams. Jimmy Carter will go down in history as the man who did for Osama bin Laden what the Kaiser did for Lenin by providing him with that sealed train back in 1917.

A series of "liberal" interventions in the Balkans ensued in the 1990's. They were contradictory in objectives and mendacious in execution. The state of Yugoslavia—a multiethnic, decentralized polity—was declared untenable, and, in late 1991, her constituent republics were encouraged by the European Community to seek independence on the basis of self-determination. At the same time, the European Community declared that the boundaries of those republics would be inviolable, even though they did not correspond to the ethnic map and although they had been arbitrarily fixed by a communist dictator whose sole objective was to cut down in size the most numerous of the country's constituent nations.

One of those republics, Bosnia-Herzegovina, was a microcosm of Yugoslavia itself: Her three constituent nations were Serbs (one third); Croats (one fifth); and Slav Muslims, currently known as "Bosniaks" (42 percent). But when Bosnia disintegrated in 1992, under the pressure of the same centrifugal forces that had been deemed irresistible in Yugoslavia's case, the "international community" declared that she had to be put back together again in the name of multiethnicity. Both *democracy* and *self-determination* were denied to the majority of Bosnian citizens, Serbs and Croats, who did not want to be Bosnified under Alija Izetbegovic (of *The Islamic Declaration* fame). Bosnia has been run for the past decade by a series of Eurocrats as an international protectorate—unstable, unviable without international patronage, and certain to disintegrate when that patronage is removed.

Arbitrarily tyrannical fiats were applied in other disputed areas of the Balkans. The Albanians of Kosovo were supported in their secession from Serbia by NATO's military intervention ("self-determination"), but the Krajina Serbs were expelled in the biggest act of post-1945 ethnic cleansing in Europe rather than being allowed to secede from Croatia ("inviolability of borders"). Macedonia was effectively partitioned between Slavs and Albanians three years ago, but no such arrangement was allowed in Kosovo, where, under NATO occupation, 90 percent of Christians were expelled and over 100 of their shrines were put to the torch by their Muslim neighbors. While the Hague Tribunal continues its quest for alleged war criminals in Bosnia, a war criminal *par excellence* was enthroned as the "prime minister" of Kosovo last November, and his election was hailed by the U.N./E.U. governor of the southern Serbian province as an example of "democracy at work."

Democracy no longer signifies the participation of informed citizens in the business of governance but the social and political content of decisions preordained by the "international community." The outcomes are fixed: a unitary Bosnia and an independent Kosovo in the Balkans; Yushchenko's victory in the Ukraine. The process of reaching them is "democratic"—never mind the actual vote count. Any process likely to produce undesirable outcomes—for instance, a referendum on the partition of Bosnia along ethnic lines or the initiative to make eastern Ukraine autonomous—is *a priori* "undemocratic." Massive foreign underwriting of elections in Belgrade, Tbilisi, Minsk, and Kiev is laudable when it helps the "right" side; otherwise, it is "interference."

The most tangible result of the liberal experiment in promoting "common ideals and interests in this globalized world" is the existence of a vibrant jihadist base in the heart of Europe that has had a connection, one way or another, with every major terrorist attack in the past three years, from Istanbul to Madrid.

The neoconservatives are less obsessed with the Balkans as a lab for postmodern social engineering, but they are no less guilty of pursuing policies that are inconsistent, illogical, and ultimately harmful to the security interests of the United States. That they lied about Iraq is no longer a matter of dispute. Although the lie was no greater than Clinton's claim that the Kosovo war was waged to stop a "genocide," its immediate costs in American lives and treasure are far higher. That they will lie again is certain: The conviction that deceit is a proper technique of control exercised by the elite of rulers over *hoi polloi* is inherent to their mind-set. It is in the knowledge that things are not what they seem, and even less what the neoconservatives say they are, that their policies need to be scrutinized.

Contrary to what could be expected on the basis of their rhetoric about the Iranian threat, the neoconservatives are remarkably forgiving of the transgressions committed by Pakistan, one of the weakest links in the "War on Terror." They accept General Musharraf's farcical elections as legitimate. His past support for the Taliban is impolite to mention; his duplicity over Kashmir is deemed irrelevant; and his claims to have had no knowledge of Dr. Khan's nuclear-proliferation network are taken seriously. The same people call Turkey an "indispensable ally" (Paul Wolfowitz), gloss over the "post-Islamic" character of her current government, forgive her refusal to help in the Iraq war, and insist on her "right" to join the European Union. They reject warnings that Turkey is a semidormant Islamic volcano that may erupt with a virulence unseen since Iran in 1979. In both cases, their surprising benevolence is rooted in the desire to use these putative allies as the tools of a broader geopolitical design. In Pakistan's case, it is to keep India in check. In Turkey's, it is to help maintain Israel's alliance with at least one major Muslim power, to project a counterforce to Russia in the Caspian basin and Central Asia, and to make Europe ever less European.

The neoconservatives' support for the Islamic terrorists in Chechnya is even more remarkable. Mostly indifferent to "human rights" (and invariably so in Israel-Palestine), they nevertheless joined *en masse* a group called the American Committee for Peace in Chechnya, which claims to be concerned about Russia's brutal oppression of the freedom-loving Chechens. The list of "distinguished Americans representing both major political parties" in the ACPC includes Richard Perle, Elliott Abrams, Kenneth Adelman, Midge Decter, Frank Gaffney, Michael Ledeen, Norman Podhoretz, Joshua Muravchik, Morton Abramowitz, Richard Pipes, Robert Kagan, and William Kristol. They contend, in brief, that the Chechens are engaged in a just war of national liberation, that their movement is not terrorist in nature or Islamist in character, and that the United States ought to put pressure on Russia to grant Chechnya independence. Through a host of NGO's, the ACPC and its members are providing support to Russian

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

critics of Putin's handling of Chechnya, including such people as Boris Nemtsov and Vladimir Ryzhkov, as well as the Carnegie Endowment's Moscow Center. As John Laughland noted in the *Guardian* last fall, their Russian clientele has been vocal in blaming Putin for his Chechen policies, in blaming the victim for the outrage in Beslan, and in arguing against well-documented claims that there is a link between the Chechens and global *jihad*.

From the standpoint of President Bush's War on Terror, all of this is pure madness—as if the Cold War were still going on and the Afghan blowback had never taken place.

To understand what is going on, we need to look at the zeal with which the neocons have joined forces with the despised "old" Europeans in developing and pursuing a massive joint campaign of disinformation and electoral manipulation in the Ukraine. The myth was simple: A "pro-Western, reformist democrat" was cheated of victory by an old-fashioned communist apparatchik supported by Moscow. A wave of spontaneous popular protest reversed the outcome, just as it had in Tbilisi in 2003. In reality, the show in Kiev was a well-orchestrated and carefully scripted leftist-neocon joint venture that cost about $100 million (which equals half a billion in Eastern European purchasing power), including tens of millions of American taxpayer dollars.

The Western media machine acted in unison, reminiscent of *Pravda* and *Izvyestiya* a generation ago. Not one major outlet reported the fact that Yushchenko's crowd included antisemitic skinheads from the Ukrainian National Self-Defense (UNA-UNSO), a paramilitary movement whose members like parading in Nazi-style uniforms under flags with SS-style inscriptions. (One can only imagine how the presence of such an entourage would have affected the reporting on Herr Haider's or M. Le Pen's election campaigns.) Not even the commentators who are usually hypersensitive to any hint of antisemitism, real or imagined, bothered to note that these youths relied on a rich tradition, that tens of thousands of western Ukrainians—from the area of core Yushchenko support—collaborated enthusiastically with the Nazis, supplying volunteers for the notorious Nightingale Police Battalion and the Galizien Waffen SS Division. Useless as a fighting force against the Red Army, these volunteers were highly effective in terrorizing Jews, Poles, and unreliable Ukrainians. Many were deemed reliable enough to serve as auxiliaries in extermination camps, such as Sobibor and Treblinka.

The common denominator in all of these cases is the tendency of the Western duopoly to turn would-be friends and natural allies into enemies because they are perceived as "the other" in terms of core cultural preferences. As the jihadist threat looms ever larger, the potential of China, India, and especially Russia to become partners in a common defense strategy is discarded in favor of policies driven by an ideology that breeds animosity toward societies and cultures resistant to postmodernity, such as East European Christians, Hindus, and Han Chinese.

On the central issue of remaking the world in their own image, liberals and neocons, to put it bluntly, fear *jihad* less than they hate those who have not yet submitted to their grand design. This provides proof positive that "the West" has no interest in a real War on Terror but merely views it as a means to erect a New World Order centered on itself. In substance, there is no difference between Bush's Washington and Solana's Brussels. Both preemption and humanitarian intervention negate the sovereign nation-state and provide a self-validating replacement for the traditional model of politics between nations. Under different slogans, both sides of the Atlantic are busy constructing a system that is arbitrary in nature, violent in enforcement, and global in scope. c

Last Flight Out

by Sally Cook

How in this world did it happen that we
Who are known to be politically free
End up instead quite correctly political.
Afraid to say anything slightly heretical?

Praising whatever is not, when it isn't.
Discarding whatever we've got, in an instant
Yet hoping we'll get all the praise we deserve
For serving those totems we'd rather not serve.

Logic flew out of the scene long ago,
It went where the more extinct birds like to go
To join with the Phoenix who liked so to rise
From his bed of cold coals to the turbulent skies,

Will we ever see either of them anymore?
They have vacated, gone, and been bounced out the door.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Final Solution

The Hostile Takeover of America's Schools

by B.K. Eakman

Public education exacerbates today's toxic youth subculture. The combined forces of advertisers, television, teen magazines, and internet spammers have lured our nation's youth into lives of promiscuity. Government schools add incompetence and dependency to the mix—all wrapped in a façade of "learning" and "testing" packages.

Government education, unfortunately, never quite met the promised ideal. Even so, as late as 1950, public schools were mostly "creating unity out of diversity and nationalism out of particularism." Historian Henry Steele Commager noted in a piece for *Time* that year that the goal of American schooling was still centered on passing along a "common body of knowledge," which children could then take into whatever profession or avocation they fancied:

> Poets like Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier; painters like Trumball, Stuart and Peale; historians like Jared Sparks and George Bancroft; schoolmen like Noah Webster with his Spellers, William H. McGuffey with his Readers—these and scores of others popularized that common group of heroes and villains, . . . images and values, of which national spirit is born.

How many graduates today recognize even half of these famous Americans? And why do government educrats not view it as necessary that they should?

Many youngsters no longer know enough about America's past to value ideals like "national spirit." Worse, vast numbers of immigrant children are not assimilating as they once did—and they have no desire to do so.

Apologists for today's government schools justify the de-emphasis on Western culture and English grammar by complaining that names from, say, Third World countries could have been added to Commager's list of influential people. Did that, make it necessary to denigrate the rest of them, however?

Beginning about 1965, the goals of public education made a U-turn. Counterculture Marxists exploited their carefully planted Fifth Column forces to radicalize America's government schools, couching their mission in terms of "social conscience" and "mental health."

Nonstandard and substandard speech were held up as models to be emulated, instead of being respected for what they were: vanishing dialects that once were part of our culture and possibly worthy of study on their own merits, much as Latin used to be, but not intended as exemplars of social or professional communication.

Concepts about merit dissolved, save in sports—ostensibly to "level the playing field." This objective was articulated at the highest levels of government. The definitive paper, "Measuring the Quality of Education," penned by the National Institute of Education's Archie LaPointe and Willard Wirtz, maintained that "[a] different kind of assessment would help correct the tilt in . . . educational standards . . . toward functional literacy and away from excellence"—i.e., functional literacy was deemed more realistic than the former ideal of a well-rounded, educated person.

Meanwhile, tasks that once belonged to home and church were usurped by the school. Parents were encouraged to abdicate their childrearing responsibilities—first, *via* daycare centers (which did not exist, as such, until about 1977); then through extended kindergarten programs, pushed by "early-childhood education" advocates; and finally, by nonstop after-school activities that ran parents ragged. Family meals became impossible, as parents chauffeured their offspring from one event to another, blindly accepting the experts' view that socialization was the key to college admission—and to life itself.

By the time parents started trying to reclaim their authority in the 1990's, they found themselves shut out.

Child-advocacy agencies started running amok under the cover of "protecting kids." Today, parents live in fear that even the most ordinary occurrence—as in Michigan, when a youngster remarked to his teacher that "Mommy dropped a thermometer last night in the bathroom"—may result in school staff alerting Child Protective Service agents to check out their homes and demand all kinds of expensive, excessive, and unnecessary "precautions." (In the Michigan case, the parents were forced to replace every single tile in the bathroom, even though it had been thoroughly cleaned.) The implicit threat is that the child can be forcefully removed unless a parent fully—and cheerfully—complies.

Such intimidation sends a strong message to youngsters: Parents are incompetent, and their counsel need not be heeded.

Commager observed in 1950 that "[s]chools reflect the society they serve." "A society . . . indifferent to its own heritage cannot expect schools to make good the indifference. A society that slurs over fundamental principles cannot demand that its schools instruct in abiding moral values."

If the school can be transformed into a minisociety that substitutes the authority of peers and teacher/caretakers for actual parents, then the family will *not be able* to pass along its heritage or principles. This, coupled with unsound teaching, is how the left facilitated inculcation of new, "preferred" values.

Today, when parents admonish their children to think for

B.K. Eakman, a former teacher, is executive director of the National Education Consortium and the author of several works, including Cloning of the American Mind: Eradicating Morality Through Education *(Huntington House).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

themselves, the school undercuts them by reminding youngsters that consensus is more important than whatever principle might be at stake. When mothers and fathers tell their kids to be "true to themselves," the school tells pupils to be flexible. When clergymen expound upon timeless truths, educators say that change is the only absolute.

Moreover, students learn all about life's "gray" areas before they understand the black-and-white ones. So, what can parents expect later, when educators broach such topics as euthanasia, abortion, stem-cell research, fertility methods, DNA monitoring, and microchip tracking? Free and thoughtful deliberation?

In November 2004, *Time*'s Michelle Cottle wrote that,

> While the Bush White House may be on the side of social conservatives, time is not. . . . Day to day, liberals have the luxury of ignoring conservative America. . . . Social conservatives, by contrast, cannot escape the world view of blue staters. Every time they go to the movies or turn on the television or open their child's schoolbooks they're reminded that traditional values ain't what they used to be.

Meanwhile, the left is pulling out all the stops—frivolous lawsuits, appalling textbooks, and mandatory mental-"health" screening—in an effort to assure an emerging generation of easy targets for demagoguery. Even the new college-entrance exams (SAT's and ACT's) require essay questions that probe student's worldviews (see "Federal Plan to Keep Data on Students Worries Some," *New York Times*, November 29, 2004). Responses will become part of a pupil's permanent record.

The left is doing what totalitarian elites always do: cutting off the escape routes. The road to college and jobs is littered with obstacles, from deceptive "exams" to scavenging for parents' viewpoints. Homeschools are scrutinized for "child abuse."

However, the sudden shrillness of the homosexual movement, together with increasingly lascivious sex education, has shocked even the most "progressive" parents to their senses. "Gay" and lesbian incursions into government schools, in an era where AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases are rampant, signal a full-scale assault.

Paul Simao on the Reuters News Service cited a federal study showing a precipitous rise in new cases of AIDS and HIV infection among homosexual and bisexual men ("HIV, AIDS Cases Rise Among U.S. Gay, Bisexual Men," December 1, 2004). The report by the Centers for Disease Control, released in connection with World AIDS Day, shows that new HIV and AIDS diagnoses in 32 states rose 11 percent among homosexual and bisexual men between 2000 and 2003. "Men who have sex with men continue to constitute a substantial proportion of HIV/AIDS cases," admitted the CDC. Meanwhile, the *New York Times* reported (February 12) that a "rare strain of H.I.V. that is highly resistant to virtually all anti-retroviral drugs and appears to lead to the rapid onset of AIDS" is suddenly showing up among men who engage in homosexual acts. Additional dire warnings on the topic have since appeared in other newspapers.

The various newspaper clips have not been lost on parents.

Health departments nationwide report an upsurge in other sexually transmitted diseases. This makes agitation for graphic sex talk and homosexual "tolerance" even more contentious. The implicit message seems clear: Since the public continues to defeat countercultural causes at the polls, leftists are stepping up their campaign of bullying the nation's schoolchildren into accepting sex as a purely recreational sport.

> It does not take a rocket scientist to figure out that an increased demand can be created for pornography and even psychotherapy through an aggressive campaign of legitimized sodomy and promiscuity.

In the four weeks following the 2004 election, parents saw four hostile offensives by old-guard communist-front organizations such as the American Civil Liberties Union: a lawsuit against Kentucky's Boyd County School District over its failure to force students into attending "gender"-identity "tolerance-training" classes; intimidation of the Department of Defense into ending sponsorship of the Boy Scouts; a threatened lawsuit against an abstinence-education website; and support for a Missouri high-schooler wearing a "gay pride" T-shirt to class.

Sex "education," of course, is the most notorious example of dishonest intellectualism in government schools. Typically, it is folded into a course called Health. Parents know that little about actual health is disseminated, even during those few weeks when sex and drugs are not the main topics of discussion. General physiology, once a mainstay of middle- and high-school academia, is essentially reduced to a year-long focus on genitalia.

Today's sex education is grossly biased toward indiscriminate behavior with multiple partners. Montgomery County, Maryland's school-board president, Sharon W. Cox, says that exposing eighth-graders to such topics as flavored condoms and sexual orientation is necessary because these represent "reality." The reality is that sex educators are contributing to the delinquency of minors and to child sex-abuse. Dr. Judith Reisman, president of the Institute for Media Education and author of *Kinsey, Crimes & Consequences*, writes that some 58,200 children under age 18 were kidnapped in 1999, not by family members but from the streets. Those who returned home were usually sexually abused. Add to that a 418-percent increase in forcible rape and a 523-percent increase in unmarried births from 1960 to 1999.

Educator Donna Garner of Texas says that even "many of the multicultural novels, which have become a regular diet for today's public school students, contain [vulgarity], graphic sex, and violence."

Garner cites the example of a 2003 book entitled 33 *Snowfish*, which is used in Fairfax, Virginia, schools:

> "On top of everything else, Boobie's got the clap," begins [this] dark tale about three runaways who understand

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hatred and violence better than love. Custis, an orphan, is fleeing from his "owner," a producer of pornography and snuff films. Custis is accompanied by Curl, a child prostitute, and her boyfriend, Boobie, who has just murdered his parents and kidnapped his baby brother to sell on the streets.

The above is just a portion of the review in the Fairfax County Public Schools library catalog! An excerpt from the actual book reads:

> [We] made like four films together. The best one was called *Girl Eats Boy*, where Bob Motley puts this black pillow case over his head and pretends like he's cutting me with the electric saw. Then he grinds up my legs in a hamburger maker and feeds me to this little girl who lives under the kitchen sink. The little girl's name was Wendy Sue. She was like seven or some sh-t. I think she belonged to one of Bob Motley's boys, but I ain't sure.

By the end of the book, two runaways are dead. The word *sh-t* is used 163 times; *n-gger*, 55 times. Yet 33 *Snowfish* won an American Library Association (ALA) award for "Top 10 Best Young Adult Book" of the year, a category that extends to 12-year-olds.

Another sample (also copyrighted in 2003), *Boy Meets Boy*, is found in 11 Fairfax, Virginia, high schools. The FCPS library catalog summarizes it as a romantic comedy, a "gay love story" revolving around two high-school characters. "A drag queen named Infinite Darlene" reigns as "both star quarterback and homecoming queen." The Boy Scouts are renamed the "Joy Scouts."

Parents usually find out about such materials midway through the school year. Of course, counterculture advocates know full well that, once children have seen something inappropriate, they cannot simply "un-see" it. Youngsters may even be cautioned *against* discussing the content of a curriculum with parents, using the sex-abuse excuse.

Schools justify these offerings by pointing out that sex-soaked fare is ubiquitous, and, therefore, it is in the interest of students for schools to provide "accurate" information. But government schools do not present accurate information. If educators actually disclosed the particulars of homosexual activity and its consequences—internal bleeding, permanent incontinence, chronic diarrhea, and incurable mouth diseases—most youngsters, no doubt, would be turned off. So schools gloss over the gross parts and incite youngsters to experiment.

Just how government schools can "worry" about child sexual abuse while instructing adolescents in the techniques of perversion and instituting "gay clubs" (there are now some 3,000 nationwide) is a mystery.

Well, not quite. It does not take a rocket scientist to figure out that an increased demand can be created for pornography, sex-"enhancing" products, psychological-screening instruments, and even psychotherapy through an aggressive campaign of legitimized sodomy and promiscuity cloaked in appealing packages such as health, tolerance, and diversity.

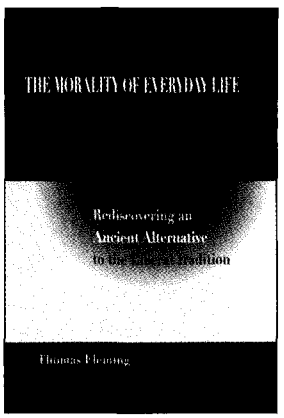
Moreover, under the cover of nonjudgmentalism, diversity, and the Establishment Clause, a hostile takeover of our country is under way—a kind of "final solution" by the forces of the left. If our nation's leaders are too blind or corrupt to acknowledge the fact, then government education has surely outlived its usefulness. c

The Morality of Everyday Life:
Rediscovering an Ancient Alternative to the Liberal Tradition

by Thomas Fleming

What passes for conservatism today is really nothing more than the impossible moral and social theories of the Renaissance and Enlightenment, in which universal abstractions, such as democracy and equality, are presented as hard truths, when, in fact, they have never existed in any society in human history. Nonetheless, they are to be applied worldwide, at the tip of a spear (or cruise missile) if necessary.

Dr. Fleming's alternative is rooted in "everyday life," the local realities of blood and soil, custom and tradition, friendship and faith, and in the wisdom born of the experiences these realities beget. This wisdom finds expression in folktales and fables, in ancient Hebrew Scriptures and Greek philosophy, and in medieval casuistry. It is the method to solving ethical problems great and small, and it is the method that undergirds authentic conservatism.



"No more important book has been published in this new century."
—E. Christian Kopff
The American Conservative

"Crisp and spellbinding . . . [T]he antidote to the stifling, suffocating, corrosive banality of modern culture and politics."
—Paul Likoudis
The Wanderer

"Writing much more accessibly and knowledgeably than most modern professional philosophers, Fleming revivifies the body of thought with which civilization was created and without which it is disintegrating."
—Ray Olson
Booklist

Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

- send check or money order to 928 N. Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103
- call (800) 383-0680 to order with MasterCard, Visa, Amex, Discover
- purchase online at the webstore on *ChroniclesMagazine.org*

Hardcover Price $49.95
($44.95 + $5.00 shipping and handling)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Memoriam

Samuel T. Francis (1947-2005)

Defending the Real America

Sam Francis *versus* the Powermongers

by Clyde Wilson

It was about 1969. I had published a few small pieces in *Modern Age* and *National Review*. I remember well Sam Francis calling me out of the blue, flattering me as "the best-known conservative writer" on campus, and urging me to attend the discussion group of which he was the spearhead. I had a family, a full-time job, and a full graduate course load, and I was not eager for any new activities. However, I joined. It was one of the decisive events of my life, the germinating point of indispensable intellectual inspiration and friendships.

Sam was greatly learned in many aspects of Western culture, but his prime study, from the beginning, was Power. History shows beyond quibble that Power makes its appearance wherever numbers of men gather, which, as social animals, they invariably do. Given that truth, we can observe everlastingly repeated two motives for the study of Power. The most common motive, throughout the life of mankind on this planet, has been how to acquire and use it for domination. There is a Will to Power, which is another way of describing an impulse to satisfy vanity, greed, and lust at the expense of others.

Clyde Wilson teaches history at the University of South Carolina, Columbia.

History is replete with examples, the various heinous tyrants of the last century among the worst. Another prime exhibit is the neocon armchair warlords who presently exercise much of the Power of the United States. As with these intriguers, there is always deception and manipulation in the pursuit of Power. Its devotees learn quickly that the general run of us lack a position from which we can discern what is really going on. Power often comes gloriously bedizened, with a winning smile and sweet words of benevolence in pursuit of social utility and justice.

Sam Francis, like the Founding Fathers, belonged to the second class of students of Power. Power may be a social inevitability, even a necessity in a dangerous world. It is also the enemy of liberty and a predator of the spirit and substance of natural society. We study Power to know how to keep the beast hedged about, to make use of it without its making more than necessary use of us. The hedges were what the Founding Fathers meant by "constitution." It was important to keep Power divisible—which is what the Founders meant by "government of the people"—because Power is always stealing from the many to the few.

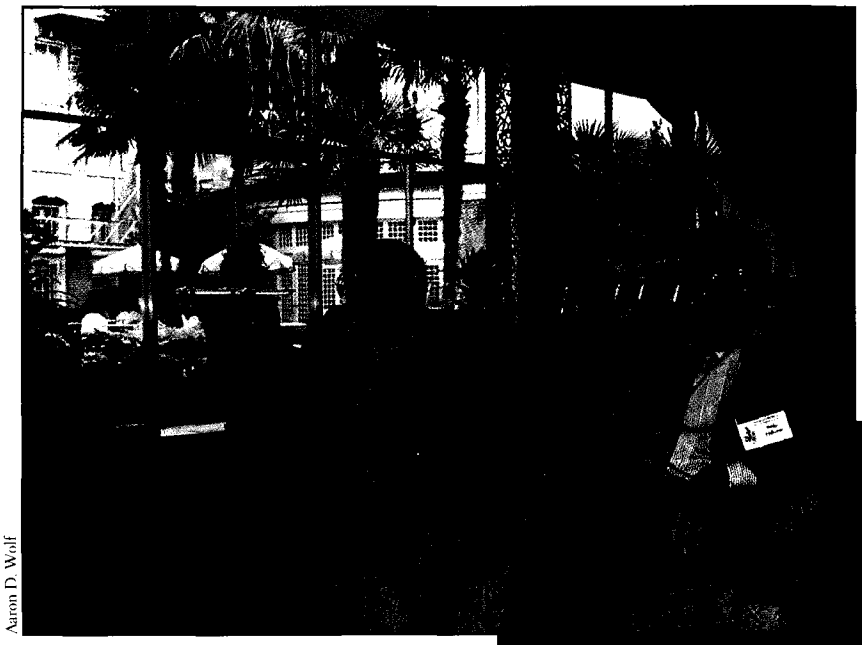
How can we tell the difference between the two types of students of Power? By their point of reference. For those who want

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to restrain Power within decent limits, the point of reference is the living reality of Americans, their well-being and the survival of the culture that defines us and unites our past, present, and future. Everything that Sam wrote was a defense of the living reality of America.

What is the point of reference of the neocons? Lincoln made Power—government—antecedent in value to constitutional restraints and the will of the people. He justified it in persuasive rhetoric that combined the ideals of Puritans and German 48'ers—his principal supporters and both rationalizers of an intense Will to Power—into a pseudotheology of *God = America = Government of, by, and for the People*. This rhetoric, down to the present moment, has had an irresistible appeal to large numbers of Americans and has been one of the most successful covers ever designed to hide the will to dominate. Its point of reference is not the living reality of America but a fantasy of a mission to bring "democracy" to the world. In this fantasy, the real America is only raw material, not an end in herself.

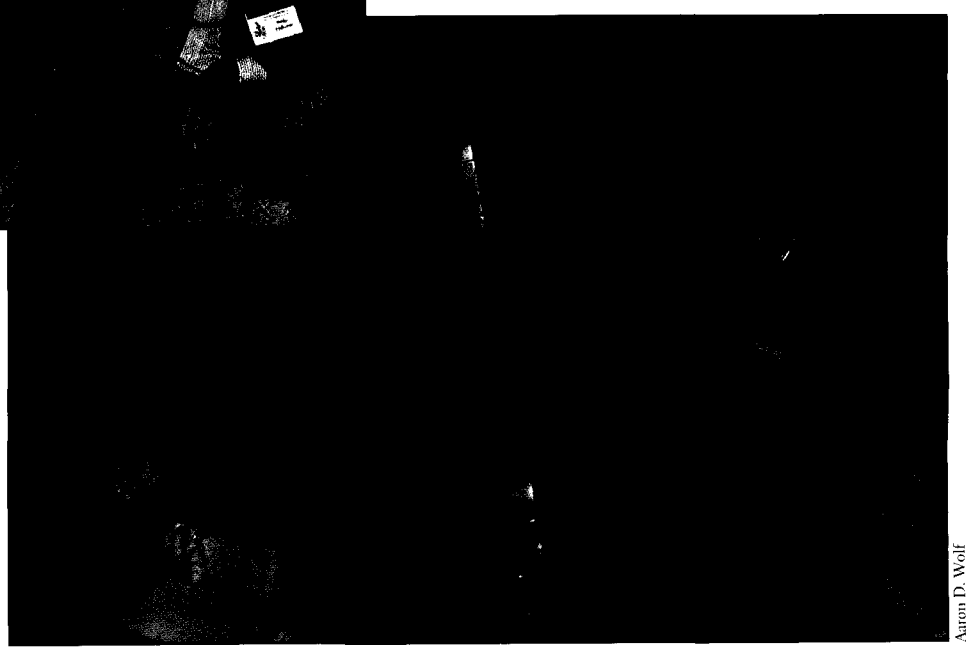
The fantasy dominates, and its propagators fill the air with it from the most respectable seats of authority. It is a sad truth that intrigue and impudence often carry the day against intelligence and integrity. The great tradition in which Sam Francis was an important thinker is a minority one in our country, but it has never entirely died away. Further, we can say that our late friend always sounded a strong and clear voice of learning and realism amidst the fatuous and shallow prattle that dominates our national discourse. He was an immensely gifted writer who raised the syndicated column to a height of seriousness and intelligence, integrity and good fun, that has not been equaled in a long time—at least since Mencken—and is not likely to be reached again. c



Aaron D. Wolf

"The enemies of our culture, civilization, and decency may breathe a sigh of relief."

—Srdja Trifkovic on the death of Samuel Francis



Aaron D. Wolf

Chilton Williamson, Jr., and Samuel Francis share a laugh at the Chronicles *editors' meeting at the Menger Hotel in San Antonio, Texas (November 2004).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Requiescat In Pace Domini

Goodbye to a Fellow Tarheel Conspirator

by Thomas Fleming

In any age, Samuel Francis would have been a remarkable man for the penetration of his mind, his unflinching pursuit of truth—regardless of current cant or personal consequences—and the gravity of his style. In our age, he is peerless, and his death represents an irreplaceable loss.

Sam and I were friends and allies for over 35 years, and, although we had an occasional falling-out—once for many months—I never ceased admiring his work and his character. A gentleman of a school so old we can no longer recognize its existence, Sam never talked of his "feelings," and, if one spoke of loyalty or friendship, he was sure to make an ironic quip. Nonetheless, I learned early on that he was loyal to his friends even (especially) when it entailed a threat to his own interest. In so many ways, he was the opposite of most conservatives. He rarely talked a good game, but he always played one.

Sam's deep sense of loyalty became very apparent during the struggle, in the first term of the Reagan administration, over M.E. Bradford's proposed nomination as head of the National Endowment for the Humanities. This was the first occasion on which the neoconservatives showed their hand, and none of Mel's friends—least of all Sam—has ever forgotten the dirty part played by Irving Kristol, George Will, and the head of a leading conservative think tank. As an assistant to Sen. John East, Sam worked tirelessly, both on the Hill and among conservatives, to support his friend's nomination, but to no avail. Too many true-blue Reagan "conservatives" either did not care or simply looked the other way. This was the first of many defeats in which Sam showed himself an American Cato.

I first met Sam Francis when we were both in graduate school at Chapel Hill. The year was probably 1969 or 1970. I had been hearing tales of a conservative society on campus and of a brilliant student of English history with a Machiavellian grasp of political reality. E. Christian Kopff, a fellow student in classics and a member of the conservative society, arranged a lunch with Sam. I do not recall much of what we talked about, though I do remember disagreeing with Sam and Chris on the subject of American Indians, who, I felt then as I feel now, had been treated unworthily by a supposedly Christian people—the last indignity being the welfare system that has degraded them. It was a friendly disagreement, though, and for the most part, I discovered that Sam and I stood on common ground.

I did not regard myself as a conservative at the time, though my views on tradition, literary form, manners, and moral decency were already well formed. Where I parted company with the young conservatives was not in their respect for Burke or the constitutional order but in what seemed to me a strange respect for the journalists and politicians who led the conservative movement. It would not be too many years before I considered myself a conservative or before my conservative friends adopted a more realistic approach to "the movement."

Aaron D. Wolf

Sam, Chris, and Clyde Wilson—whom I did not meet until later—were the core of the conservative group, which had an unlikely faculty friend and mentor in the moderate Republican John Shelton Reed. I saw little, if anything, of Sam until he returned to defend his dissertation. We met at the home of Robert Hickson, a West Pointer who had served in Southeast Asia and was now pursuing medieval studies. Bob had sat in on at least one of the classes I was teaching.

When I returned to South Carolina, after several years at Miami of Ohio, I remained in touch with Dr. Kopff, who, on one of his frequent visits to our little cottage, suggested that we drive up to Columbia to see Clyde Wilson. Later, when I proposed to Clyde that we start a conservative Southern journal, the first people we brought into the project were Sam Francis, John Reed, and Chris Kopff. Thus was born the short-lived and ill-fated "Chapel Hill Mafia" or, as Walker Percy once called it, the "Tarheel conspiracy." When I came to *Chronicles*, Sam was already writing occasionally for the magazine, but, when I became editor, we quickly agreed that he would become Washington editor, a position he retained up to his death. (We broadened his title to *political editor* in recent years.)

Sam Francis was a skeptic about most things, including religion. Some of his resentment against what he saw as the liberal influence of Christianity had been abating, however, and I have good reason to believe that he met his end as a Christian. c

---

Thomas Fleming is the president of The Rockford Institute and editor of Chronicles.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My Favorite Justice

by Stephen B. Presser

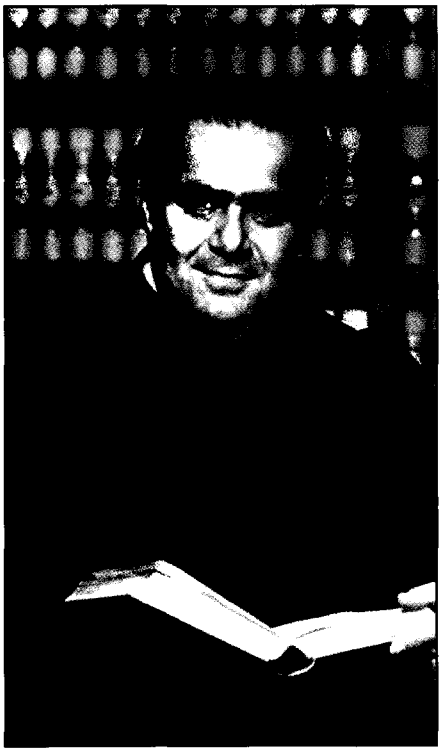
"Every virtue is included in the idea of justice, and every just man is good."
—Theognis

Scalia Dissents: Writings of the Supreme Court's Wittiest, Most Outspoken Justice
Edited and with commentary by Kevin A. Ring
Washington, D.C.: Regnery Publishing, Inc.; 332 pp., $27.95

◆

John Paul Stevens is the only U.S. Supreme Court justice to have graduated from the law school where I teach; Steven Breyer was one of my law-school teachers; David Souter may be the most adept at arcane constitutional-law doctrine; Ruth Bader Ginsburg is an astute feminist 14th-Amendment theorist; Anthony Kennedy appears to know the most about what is going on in Western European courts and looks as if he belongs in the House of Lords; Sandra Day O'Connor is the most mercurial and relishes her role as swing justice (even if she still behaves as if she were a state legislator); Chief Justice William Rehnquist is a fine administrator and has written several books about the Court that, for sheer readability and insight, put the paltry products of academic historians to shame; and Clarence Thomas (who came from the humblest beginnings) is the one most faithful to the inspired conceptions of the Constitution's Framers. For sheer smarts, for the subtle dig, and for the most fun, however, nobody comes close to Associate Justice Antonin Scalia.

Stephen B. Presser is the Raoul Berger Professor of Legal History at Northwestern University School of Law and the legal-affairs editor for Chronicles.



Most Americans probably know Scalia as the justice liberals and their media acolytes recently disparaged for going duck hunting with his pal Dick Cheney while a case involving the Vice President was pending before his Court. There was not much media notice of it, of course, but Scalia wrote an inspired defense of his position, elegantly explaining that a profound difference exists between his personal friendship with the Vice President and the legal case involving the official prerogatives of the office, none of which redounded to the benefit of Cheney personally. Scalia also pointed out—correctly—that, if everyone in Washington were to step aside whenever official matters involved his friends, not much official business would get conducted in the nation's capital. Those lucky enough to be, like Cheney, friends of "Nino" Scalia cherish his acquaintance and revel in his boisterous bonhomie. (I myself once sat next to him at a dinner in London—where one is still permitted to smoke after a meal—and bummed a cigarette from the justice.)

Now, for the first time, we have a collection of Scalia's juiciest opinions, shorn of cumbersome legal citations and other incomprehensible paraphernalia. The editor of this volume, Kevin A. Ring, a former counsel to the U.S. Senate's Judiciary Subcommittee on the Constitution, Federalism, and Property Rights and a serious constitutional scholar in his own right, has summarized Scalia's judicial philosophy and provided introductions to each of the opinions.

Scalia was prophetic in his now-famous dissent from the 8-1 decision in *Morrison v. Olsen* (1988) that Congress did not surpass constitutional bounds when it created the office of "independent counsel" to investigate executive abuses. In Article II, the Constitution clearly provides that "[t]he executive Power shall be vested in a President of the United States"—a statement that had been construed for two centuries to mean that all federal prosecutors, as employees of the executive branch, are under the control of the President. The independent counsel, however, was to be appointed by judges; also, the President could not remove him at his own discretion, as he could all other executive-branch officials. Since the President was still permitted to remove an independent counsel for "good cause," however, the majority of the Court found Congress's action not to be a significant restriction of the President's constitutional power. Wrote Scalia, acerbically noting that his fellows were ignoring plain constitutional text:

> Evidently, the governing standard is to be . . . the unfettered wisdom of a majority of this Court, re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> vealed to an obedient people on a case-by-case basis. This is not only not the government of laws that the Constitution established; it is not a government of laws at all.

No one agreed with Scalia in 1988. Now, in the wake of the almost interminable investigations of the first Bush and Clinton administrations by independent counsels, everyone does; and so independent counsels are no more. *Morrison* v. *Olson* is the shining example of vindication of Scalia, and many of his other dissents may yet become law.

Believing in a "color-blind" Constitution, Scalia has argued that any governmental distinctions on the basis of race should not be permitted except where such distinctions cannot be avoided: for instance, to stop a "race-riot" at a prison. He has no tolerance for the notion that racial discrimination should be employed to compensate for prejudice. "[U]nder our Constitution," he says,

> there can be no such thing as either a creditor or a debtor race. . . . To pursue the concept of racial entitlement—even for the most admirable and benign of purposes—is to reinforce and preserve for future mischief the way of thinking that produced race slavery, race privilege and race hatred. In the eyes of government, we are just one race here. It is American.

Scalia's greatest scorn is reserved for the Court's embarrassingly unprincipled decision in 2003 that the University of Michigan law school could discriminate on the basis of race to achieve "diversity" in its classrooms.

> The "educational benefit" that the University of Michigan seeks to achieve by racial discrimination consists, according to the Court, of cross-racial understanding . . . and better prepar[ation of] students for an increasingly diverse workforce and society . . . This is not, of course, an educational benefit on which students will be graded on their Law School transcript (Works and Plays Well with Others: B+) or tested by the bar examiners (Q: Describe in 500 words or less your cross-racial understanding). For it is a lesson of life rather than law—essentially the same lesson taught to (or rather learned by, for it cannot be taught in the usual sense)—people 3 feet shorter and 20 years younger than the full-grown adults at the University of Michigan Law School, in institutions ranging from Boy Scout troops to public-school kindergartens.

While a majority of the Supreme Court has insisted on protecting abortion as a part of the "liberty" guaranteed by the 14th Amendment, Scalia has disagreed "because of two simple facts: (1) the Constitution says absolutely nothing about it, and (2) the long-standing traditions of American society have permitted it to be legally proscribed." "The best the Court can do," Scalia has lamented,

> to explain how it is that the word "liberty" must be thought to include the right to destroy human fetuses is to rattle off a collection of adjectives that simply decorate a value judgment and conceal a political choice. . . . It is difficult to maintain the illusion that we are interpreting a Constitution rather than inventing one, when we amend its provisions so breezily.

With regard to religion, which a majority of the Court seems hell-bent on removing from the public square, Scalia writes, dissenting from the Court's decision barring nonsectarian prayer at public-school graduation ceremonies, that

> [T]he Founders of our Republic knew the fearsome potential of sectarian religious belief to generate civil dissension and civil strife. And they also knew that nothing . . . is so inclined to foster among religious believers of various faith a toleration—no, an affection—for one another than voluntarily joining in prayer together, to the God whom they all worship and seek. . . . To deprive our society of that important unifying mechanism in order to spare the nonbeliever what seems to me the minimal inconvenience of standing, or even sitting in respectful nonparticipation, is as senseless in policy as it is unsupported in law.

When the Court, in *U.S.* v. *Virginia* (1996), ruled that no state could operate a single-sex military academy, Scalia, in dissent, proved a valiant defender of the values of the Virginia Military Institute.

> The tradition of having government-funded military schools for men is as well rooted in the traditions of this country as the tradition of sending only men into military combat. The people may decide to change one tradition, like the other, though democratic processes; but the assertion that either tradition has been unconstitutional through the centuries is not law, but politics-smuggled-into law.

Concurring with the Court's decision in *Barnes* v. *Glen Theater, Inc* (1991), in which the Court decided that Indiana could prohibit nude dancing in bars, Scalia noted that

> Indiana's statute is in the line of a long tradition of laws against public nudity, which have never been thought to run afoul of [the] traditional understanding of "the [First Amendment's] freedom of speech."

Responding to the suggestion by the advocates of public nudity that no one was compelled to visit strip bars, Scalia wrote the memorable lines:

> The purpose of Indiana's nudity law would be violated, I think, if 60,000 fully consenting adults crowded into the Hoosierdome to display their genitals to one another, even if there were not an offended innocent in the crowd. Our society prohibits, and all human societies have prohibited, certain activities not because they harm others but because they are considered, in the traditional phrase, "*contra bonos mores*," i.e. immoral.

I derive enormous pleasure from Scalia's prose alone, appreciating my encounter with a master of the language of Shakespeare, Milton, and Churchill, a justice whose opinions seem designed to be read to cheering crowds from mountaintops; yet their real importance lies in the judicial philosophy they reveal. This philosophy, often called *textualism*, holds that, if the text of the Constitution (or a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

statute) is "plain" or clear, any court interpreting that constitutional provision or law must follow that plain meaning. Unfortunately, words are elusive, and finding "plain meaning" is often impossible. In such an event, Scalia turns to history and tradition, and—in particular—the meaning that would have been perceived by a contemporary of the Constitution. Thus, Scalia has employed Samuel Johnson's famous Dictionary (Sixth ed., 1785) to determine what the Framers must have meant and to rely on consistent interpretations over many years of American judicial history. Scalia, then, is an "originalist": a jurist concerned with what the Constitution meant to the Framers and not one who believes, like most of the current Court, that the job of the Supreme Court is to read new meaning into the constitutional phrases to keep the document in tune with the times, to make it a "living Constitution." As Ring nicely puts it, "In politically incorrect splendor, Scalia says he likes his Constitution 'dead.'"

Scalia's conviction is that remaking law is a task for legislators or the people through the amendment process and that judges have no business doing the people's or the legislators' jobs. One might quibble with some of Ring's and Scalia's points. For example, Ring praises Scalia for his unwillingness to join the dissenters in *Texas* v. *Johnson* (1989), in which the Court decided that flag desecration amounts to "speech" and is thus protected by the First Amendment. I think, however, that Scalia's philosophy of textual interpretation according to tradition should have led him to conclude that flag desecration is harmful and immoral *action*, much in the manner Scalia found nude dancing to be. This is no more than to say that Scalia (and Ring), being human, are fallible. Scalia, in his opinions, and Ring, in this book, have done more than well enough. Anyway, it is reported that Scalia's wife, who differed from him in the flag case, happily tortured him afterward by repeatedly whistling "It's a Grand Old Flag" around the house.

President Bush has made it plain that the two justices he most admires are Scalia and Thomas (whose philosophy is very close to that of Scalia), and so it is likely that one or the other of them will be nominated to replace Rehnquist, should he tender his expected resignation. An interesting shot across the President's bow was launched by the new Senate Minority Leader Harry Reid, appearing on *Meet the Press* in early December, when he remarked that Scalia has ethical problems (presumably a reference to the duck-hunting imbroglio). Reid stated that he would still vote to confirm Scalia as Chief Justice ("this is one smart guy," he admitted), adding that he could not support Thomas, whom he described as an "embarrassment" to the Court on account of his "poorly written" opinions, for the job. (As Thomas's decisions, like Scalia's, are generally models of lucidity, sound law, and common sense, this seems an inadvertent admission that Reid has never read a one of them. The real reason for his refusal to cast a vote for Thomas seems, indeed, to be that the appointment by a Republican administration of the first African-American jurist to that high post would severely discomfit the Democrats.) I hope that the President will not shy away from the inevitable fight in the Senate by naming Thomas or Scalia Chief Justice, should Rehnquist resign. Anyone seeking to understand why either man would be a splendid appointment, or why judges in their mold should repopulate the Supreme Court, need only turn to this volume. ‹C

Introducing . . .

THE ROCKFORD INSTITUTE ACADEMY'S
Introductory Latin distance-learning course

Learn Latin using the same method used by St. Thomas Aquinas and Thomas Jefferson. Enjoy a live classroom experience in the comfort of your own home. Learn at your own pace.

The first semester comprises 20 lectures on audiocassette or CD, with an accompanying study guide and test materials.

The text is Jenny's *First Year Latin* (ISBN 0-13319-3284). The Rockford Institute will be happy to help you locate a copy.

Order the first semester now for only $175.00 for tapes and $200.00 for CD's.

The course is taught by Dr. Thomas Fleming, who holds a Ph.D. in classics from the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, and has over 25 years experience teaching Latin.

For more information, please call Jan Kooistra at (815) 964-5811 or e-mail *info@rockfordinstitute.org*.

THE ROCKFORD INSTITUTE
928 North Main Street
Rockford, Illinois 61103

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hicks' Town

by Bill Kauffman

Small Town
by Granville Hicks
New York: Fordham University Press;
272 pp., $26.00

◆

In 1932, Marxist literary critic Granville Hicks and his wife, Dorothy, bought an eight-room farmhouse in Grafton, New York, a rural hamlet ten miles east of Troy, where Hicks taught English to the young engineers at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. For three years, they lived as summer people, aestivating intellectuals, divorced from the community. But when RPI fired Hicks for his Communist Party membership in 1935, he and Dorothy settled into Grafton for good—and for better, as it turned out. *Small Town* (1946), which Fordham University Press has republished in a handsome edition graced by an informative, sympathetic Introduction by Warren F. Broderick, is Granville Hicks' account of life in Grafton.

As a boy, Hicks had been something of a sissy, an unhappy New England Unitarian who "did badly in games." He was high-school valedictorian, but his neighbors "knew that I would be out and away—like all the other bright boys of the towns and the smaller cities of America." He believed in science, reason, progress: the whole progressive shebang that would give us such marvels of the modern world as Nagasaki, Fox News, and Melissa Etheridge's test-tube baby. Hicks was well on his way to peripatetic professorhood, a placeless existence in which he could theorize about the proletariat without actually having to meet any of it.

But Grafton interfered. "I wanted roots," he writes. He and Dorothy found their fixer-upper dreamhouse on a dirt road just outside Grafton. Though Hicks was a "radical intellectual . . . I took the same kind of pleasure in the ownership of property that my mother and father would have taken." Grafton did not undo Granville's communism: Hicks didn't even join the party until he'd been in town for three years. But it refocused his leftism onto the human scale; it reinforced the anti-urban bias of the small-town boy; it taught him things quite beyond the ken of the *New Masses*.

To the bemusement of his urban friends, Hicks pledged his allegiance to Grafton. And the town accepted him. As Warren Broderick writes, Hicks was "viewed as a personable, harmless, overeducated eccentric" with offbeat political views. No one really cared that he was a communist, for as Hicks writes, in rock-ribbed Republican Grafton, "a communist seemed only slightly more dangerous and slightly more bizarre than a Democrat."

In time, Granville Hicks became a citizen. Grafton became his town. He was part of its daily life. He donated books that became the core of the Grafton Free Library. He edited a biweekly town newsletter. He helped establish the Grafton Fire Company and Grafton Elementary School. He served as a school-district trustee. He organized harvest dances, for which he also wrote skits. His wife was president of the PTA. He was not slumming or playing at quaintness; he came to belong to Grafton. He writes:

> I have learned to like trading in a store where I am known by name and can meet friends and swap gossip. I like knowing the storekeeper not only as a man behind a counter but also as a human being. I feel that I know what I am doing when I vote for or against men I have seen again and again in a hundred different situations, men I have talked with, men I have heard talked about. I like the old-timers, too, though they don't always like me, and I know they are no fools. Their talk gives the town a past, and sometimes it makes the smart city folks seem shallow. I find it good . . . that I am thrown with many types of men and not merely with intellectuals. In short, I like living in a small town.

Hicks does not pretend to be one of the boys. He never does get used to the interminable talk about car engines. And he accepts the persistence of memory in Grafton: "A man who has lived here thirty or thirty-five years tells me that you can't become a naturalized citizen in less than a century." In a passage that still rings true in Interstate-bypassed America, Hicks tells "the outsider bride of a young native, 'You can say anything you want to about us to anybody in town, but everybody else is somebody else's cousin.'"

Hicks the erstwhile progressive comes to doubt that rolling icon of the More Abundant Future, the automobile. ("[I]t speeded the decay of the community . . . a disintegrating force.") The ex-communist searches Grafton in vain for class stratification, finding instead "a basic social equality that results from the smallness of the community and the sense of a common past." To his satisfaction, Granville Hicks learns that "in the small town you know everybody or nearly everybody, and . . . you know a considerable number of persons in a considerable number of ways." The man from whom you buy firewood is also a deacon in your church, his son is the point guard on the high-school basketball team on which your son is a bench-warmer, and so on. By contrast, "the city dweller . . . rarely has intimate friends in any social or economic group but that to which he belongs."

City people, mere orts in the manswarm, cannot really know more than a tiny fraction of the men and women within their daily orbit. The rest must be reduced to a single dimension, so that real, live, complicated, flesh and blood people with distinct, unique histories are shrunk to fit inside the shorthand used by Henry Luce then, Rush Limbaugh now. Liberal. Religious nut. Red state. Blue state. The language dehumanizes the user as well as his quarry.

Hicks, like every man, has his limitations, some rather severe. He is humorless. His prose is serviceable but never sparkling. He is no more accurate a seer than the rest of us: For instance, he is particularly impressed by the unrealized potential in the exciting new field of . . . social studies! Too, a certain biliousness colors his discussion of local politics, though he concedes that "I couldn't get elected as dogcatcher." Hicks is no lachrymose sentimentalist. He gets impatient with his neighbors, disturbed by their "intense clannishness, suspicion of outsiders, hostility to new ideas, resistance to change"—which may be necessary defense mechanisms for a small place besieged by school consolidators, draft boards, Taylorized factories, and summer people whose opinions come from the *New Yorker*.

Yet Hicks would become something of an evangelist for the American small town. His old friends probably sniggered when he declared in a 1946 radio debate:

> Whenever I am in New York City, I wonder how people can live with-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out quietness and without clean, fresh air. I wonder, too, how they can stand the pressure of anonymous humanity. I know people as individual human beings. I don't like the bitter faces and the sharp elbows of the subway.

To Grafton, perhaps Granville Hicks was annoyingly voluble, too articulate by half, resented for his extensive book learning (if privately disparaged for a "lack of common sense"), but, as is said of abrasive or unpopular citizens who sit on boards and organize meetings in all the Graftons of America, he did a lot for the town.

Now and then, Granville Hicks, having jettisoned the juvenile certitude of the ideologue, seems to throw up his hands: "I do not know what should be done to save [Grafton], much less the world." Oh no, Hicks, you knew. Man, you lived it.

Bill Kauffman's latest book is Dispatches From the Muckdog Gazette: A Mostly Affectionate Account of a Small Town's Fight to Survive *(Henry Holt/Picador).*

Counterrevolutionary Light

by Paul Gottfried

Critics of the Enlightenment: Readings in the French Counter-Revolutionary Tradition
edited by Christopher Olaf Blum
Wilmington: ISI Books;
409 pp., $18.00

◆

Both ISI and Christopher Olaf Blum, who edited this anthology, deserve our thanks for making available in English the six 19th-century French conservative thinkers whose writings are herein presented. Although these men—François René de Chateaubriand, Louis de Bonald, Joseph de Maistre, Frédéric Le Play, Émile Keller, and René de La Tour du Pin—do not display an equal degree of analytic depth, each should be read for what he had to say about a changing European society that would eventually move toward sexual equality, a centralized administrative state, and consumer capitalism. In *The Sociological Tradition* and *The Social Group in French Thought*, Robert Nisbet acknowledges the debt of modern social theorists, including Karl Marx, to those who have been labeled "counterrevolutionaries"—in particular, Maistre, Bonald, La Tour de Pin, and Le Play. Without their essentially Aristotelian emphasis on the social bond and their defense of the inequality rooted in the family and community as natural to the human condition, it would be impossible to understand how real—as opposed to constructivist—societies function. The French protosociologists, in their critical rejection of the Enlightenment, made possible an accurate examination of the preconditions for social life. The chatter manufactured by intellectuals about "human rights" did not faze such traditionalists. Rights, for them, came out of specific traditions and tested social arrangements. At the same time, however, these thinkers considered moral authority to be anchored in the Catholic Church, which they viewed as a source of social order and theological truth.

In his introductory essay, Blum attempts to distinguish what is still relevant about his subjects from what he finds deficient or archaic. Although such an exercise may strike some readers as presumptuous, it may also be necessary to permit a long-dead figure to cast his light on the present age. One draws lessons from Aristotle or from Hobbes not primarily to reconstruct a fourth-century-B.C. *polis* or a 17th-century European sovereign state but to understand human nature and structures of authority. While these writers' frame of reference may be focused on their own time, what makes them great is their ability to transcend their age by addressing problems that belong to the human condition. What makes classical conservatives worth studying is their capacity to grasp human weaknesses and vulnerabilities in the context of upholding social authority. Their concern with Original Sin may have less to do with Catholic orthodoxy or Augustinian theology than with their empirical observations about the collapse of long-established authorities. And pointing to revolutionary France or incipient urban capitalism may be less effective as illustrations than what can be found in the urban sewers and alternative lifestyles of late modernity. On such varied subjects as Jacobin politics, intermediate institutions (the defense of which caused the French aristocrat La Tour de Pin to call for a "corporate regime"), and sexual equality, the critical thought of Blum's subjects seem as relevant today as when it was first penned.

Where Blum goes astray is in moralizing (in his Foreword) about the need for a middle ground between his subjects' "complete rejection of the modern world" and the impulse to "reject all of counterrevolutionary thought." We are supposed to embrace simultaneously "what is good in modernity and what is good in counterrevolutionary thought"; "the rejection of unconditional traditionalism and radical constructivism"; "adherence to modern liberty" but reservations about "indeterminate liberty"; "the rejection of the sovereignty of the individual" together with the denial that "human communities have the right to be oppressive." How this "conservative liberalism," once put into practice, would operate is not made clear, though two observations may be in order. We live with the historical hand that we are dealt. No matter which conservative and modern ideas we include in our personalized value-package, we do not act as autonomous individuals. We belong to historical processes that will not likely be changed by our efforts to mix Maistre with John Stuart Mill, or Bonald with "compassionate conservatism." Indeed, this mixing that Blum prescribes is characteristic of what used to pass for American "conservatism," before the neoconservatives closed down the show by imposing democratic centralism. We are placed before an ideological smorgasbord, into which individuals in search of "values" can dig their imaginations. A perception I owe to Tom Fleming is that the postwar conservative movement has been, for the most part, an unconservative enterprise that appeals to posturing individuals. These postwar American "conservatives" could not persuasively defend, even if they wanted to, an ordered society: Not only did they arrive too late, but, assuming that they got what they thought they wanted, they might be horrified by the result.

Note that I am not claiming that classical conservatism, and its unqualified hatred of the French Revolution, is the only sound political tradition. Bourgeois liberalism seems equally worthy of defense. What I am trying to explain is why American conservatism has come to such a pass that Jonah Goldberg, writing in *National Review*, can tell us, with a straight face, that Maistre was a leftist because, unlike American conservatives, he did not believe in human rights. Such a misunder-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

standing can only have occurred because our misnamed "conservative movement" has not, for decades, had much to do with conservatism. It has not defended, except indirectly or as an individual choice, the kind of authoritarian, sexist, and kin-based society that European traditionalists had associated with a sound communal life.

What the counterrevolutionaries teach better than most other critics is the process into which we have been thrust. Their attacks on rationalism in politics, the legitimating of equality between the sexes, and democratic centralism were prescient, even if the solutions they offered were either impractical or worked badly. While Blum complains about the "moral defects" of the Franco regime's attempt to apply Catholic counterrevolutionary principles, the real question is whether such principles have any further utility. General Franco did bring several decades of peace to his country; he also, however, helped lead it toward the yuppie, socialist, postbourgeois society that it became after his death in 1973. Perhaps he had no choice—but that, too, proves my point. Blum's subjects can show us about how we got to where we are. They cannot, however, assist us in bringing back lost powers and dominations.

Paul Gottfried is the author, most recently, of Multiculturalism and the Politics of Guilt *(University of Missouri Press).*

Sunset in the Head

by Catharine Savage Brosman

The Work of the Sun: New and Selected Poems, 1991-2002
by Charles Edward Eaton
Cranbury, NJ: Cornwall Books; 304 pp., $25.00

◆

Proust wrote, in *Time Regained*, that "Style is a question not of technique, but of vision." Technique may be said to inform and undergird the style, but the artistic vision has priority: It *is* the style. In Charles Edward Eaton's recent collection, his 17th, comprising new verse (some published previously in *Chronicles*) and a generous selection of poems from earlier volumes that appeared between 1991 and 2002, a controlling artistic vision is everywhere. Immediate topics, or pretexts for the poems, vary greatly, but the vantage point on experience, or style of mind, is identifiable throughout, conveyed by a mature voice using a range of suitable tones, or hues, of expression. The collection adds impressively to Eaton's distinguished achievement as an American (and Southern) poet and prose writer, in a career stretching over more than six decades.

Eaton's early writing was shaped by his studies at Harvard with Robert Frost. A 1955 collection attracted praise from William Carlos Williams, Ezra Pound, and Robert Lowell. James Merrill wrote to the author:

> With the death of Stevens it seemed that no one would ever again command that vital intersection of thought and sensuous beauty, but you are there, with your own rhythms, and the effect is spellbinding.

Others have connected Eaton's writing to the Metaphysicals—Donne and Herbert.

Mention of such names remains apt, particularly that of Wallace Stevens. Eaton's most characteristic form in this collection (additional forms include quatrains and eight-line stanzas) is the three-line stanza that Stevens used in "Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction" and countless other poems, short and long. With no fixed measure or fixed line length—Eaton's lines tend to be long, sometimes wrapping over—the form is very flexible, allowing for chatty diction and extended probings; yet the condensed stanza shapes, or reveals the shape of, the poet's reflections or musings. He prefers end-stop lines and often adds rhyme (lines one and three of each stanza rhyming), another way of holding the verses together. Space between the stanzas affords a kind of diastolic moment to the poetic systolic pressure of the compact tercets.

So what is the poetic vision of *The Work of the Sun*? It is marked by imagery in both senses, mental (usually visual) and rhetorical, but is not that of an Imagist, since Eaton is not loath to go beyond his figures to their implications, which, in his world, are everywhere and multidimensional. He wants, as he says, "a thing to be itself and yet come at me like a sunburst" (from "The Swan at Sunset," a beautiful poem). One of the most striking veins of the collection is fantasy and whimsy, reminiscent of Stevens' in, for instance, "The Emperor of Ice Cream." Sometimes this whimsy is wistful—one thinks of Verlaine (Eaton mentions him in the title poem, and Harlequin and Pierrot appear)—elsewhere cruel, as in Laforgue, or cubist or surrealistic, with oneiric perceptions (opened shells reveal ears instead of oysters) and strange juxtapositions, as in the poetry of Apollinaire and Eluard. Another vein is painterly—tableaux or delicate watercolors in which Eaton's preferred palette of summer colors, blue, gold, and rose, predominates, though a discordant red, often in the form of blood, may be interjected. Sensuousness, even sensuality, constitute a third vein, conveyed often by the first two, with the full range of the senses utilized. Through these strains runs irony, occasionally personal (an older man looking at himself critically), more often general. Reaching out tentatively with a surmise or a question, drawing back, half-serious, half-teasing, making verbal pirouettes around the subject, Eaton plays in his various registers to make subtle connections between experience and world. Often one small conceit supports, like a pivot or pedestal, a broad or high-flying insight: "I pick a straw as if it sipped my life" ("Last Straw").

The connections critics have identified between Eaton and the English Metaphysicals are thus justified. He sees, as did they, "How incurably physical we are, / and how incorrigibly of the mind" ("The Cane"). The world and the human observer are nearly one: Eaton speaks of "our inner sea" ("The Junk"), notes that "somehow sea and summer match the heart" ("The Vise"), and asks, "Was the sun at last, in fact the sunset in his head?" ("Asbestos Book"). Almost anything can be a pretext for a poem, or, if one prefers, *be* a poem—tweezers, zippers, a goblet, a mandolin propped up with a nude. Sometimes the analogue—conceit or metaphor—reveals its subject and meaning explicitly, as in "Roof Garden":

> How did we think of planting gardens on a roof,
> The ornamental trees, the glittering fountain and the flowerbeds,
> As though of our ascent from some superior somewhere we gave living proof.

Elsewhere, the distance between analogue and subject may be considerable

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the figure obscure, if pleasingly so. Consider these lines, from "Sword of Damocles":

> The lissome leg slides from the slit ball gown,
> A moustache looks silvered with the blade's sweat—
> I come out of all this dreaming trauma
> With a small, wavering point of knowledge . . .

Or these, the opening and final lines, from "Untitled Picture":

> Now you have nothing left to dream—
> That last camel with his eyes like roses
> Left the canvas into a world which radically incloses
> Things you cannot quite contain within an artful scheme.
> . . .
> But when a camel wearing roses like sunglasses
> Comes home, the sheerest edges of the dream extend.

All these figures and countless others convey what Eaton, in "Chuck Wagon," calls "a steeped, concentrated sense of life," the perception that "it seems almost mystic to be here, not somewhere else." The temporal mode is the ephemeral—a wave breaking, light fading on the sea, sunset turned to ash; but Eaton sees their "joyousness of tint and tone," unlike those who cannot feel "the calculations, calibrations, spent on passing things, / Thinking that eternity is only found in stone" ("Afternoon in a Yellow Room").

These are not poems to be memorized; few lines will remain in a reader's mind, partly because, other than rhyme, sound resources (rhythm, alliteration, assonance) are not utilized much. But through their striking images, often gorgeous (especially perceptions of the sea) and repeated just enough to complement one another, the poems leave a dominant impression like that which one gets in a well-lit gallery displaying paintings by a single artist in various tones—in this case, an impression of beauty and serenity, mixed with modern whimsy and a wise irony, pointing to themselves as self-conscious art, and yet beyond. Like the sun, "a vast impressionist," the poet "mixes palettes" and "loves the still, ardent, and the physical" (as the title poem puts it). Drawing out color and form from shadows, looking behind phenomena, Eaton acts as a magician, the revealer of being, "leading us through vistas opening, concealing depths" ("Dutch Interior"). Full of vitality, marked by beautiful coloration and fanciful figures along with occasional sourness from life's dregs, *The Work of the Sun* is as bright as the title and, as "The Towline" says, "tows the cosmos back."

Catharine Savage Brosman, professor emerita of French at Tulane University and honorary research professor at the University of Sheffield, has published numerous works of poetry and prose, including The Muscled Truce *(LSU Press).*

Poor Little Victim

by V. Groginsky

The U.S. and Mexico:
The Bear and the Porcupine
by Amb. Jeffrey Davidow
Princeton, New Jersey: Markus Weiner Publishers; 254 pp., $24.95

◆

An untimely cold finally gave me a chance to watch *The Godfather* (I and II)—30 years late, but just in time for fitting juxtapositions. I spent my down time sleeping, reading news about Mexico's ongoing narco-cartel bloodbath, and reviewing former U.S. Amb. Jeffrey Davidow's book, *The Bear and the Porcupine.* Most poignant were the similarities between the Sicilian Mafia's culture of unmitigated and ruthless violence, corruption, and paternalism and Mexico's.

The Bear and the Porcupine is a phrase coined by Davidow to describe the overbearing tendencies of the U.S. government and the porcupine-like paranoiac defensiveness of the Mexicans toward their northern neighbors. Despite this 30-year Foreign Service apparatchik's terminal diplomacy and conciliatory inclinations, much truth about the character of the Mexican nation comes through in his book.

This highly readable testimony is packed with back-to-back accounts of Mexican corruption, criminality, incompetence, inefficiency, and triumphant self-defeat. Davidow gathers insights not only from his four-year tenure as U.S. ambassador to Mexico (1998-2002) but through his extensive travels throughout the republic with his wife, Joan. "I learned more," he says,

> about Mexico—the dimensions of poverty and disease in the countryside, the lack of rule of law, the power of drug lords . . . the corruption of local officials . . . by moving around the countryside, talking, and listening.

Davidow chronicles his interactions with U.S. law-enforcement agencies (DEA, FBI, INS, CIA, Treasury, Customs, *et al.*) and the frustration he experienced from their "ingrained prejudices" about institutionalized Mexican corruption—insinuating that it is not so, while, in almost every case, verifying that it *is* so.

Davidow makes no bones about his conciliatory position toward Mexico, his integrationist views and fondness for the culture, and his belief in "constructive engagement." Yet his first-hand descriptions of the Mexican government and people highlight the impossibility of positive results and, while denying the futility of U.S. engagement with Mexico, document it at almost each turn of the page. The Mexican *diablo* is definitely in the Machiavellian details.

Davidow asserts that "Combating the drug trade was difficult in Mexico for many reasons. The country was plagued by corruption . . . [and] a massive web of politically-motivated complicity." In fact, he continues, "Most of the governors had no confidence in their own law enforcement officials . . . Most were absolutely convinced that . . . the Federal Attorney General (PGR) or Mexican Customs Service . . . were even more corrupt."

The "War on Drugs" was doomed to failure from the beginning, because "every major investigation in which the DEA cooperated with the PGR was blown by well-remunerated leaks to the drug dealers from inside the Mexican government." For example,

> Mexican customs officials would pay their superiors up to a million dollars to be appointed agent-in-charge at a busy border crossing . . . the job gave them the chance to make arrangements with the local narcotics, migrant and contraband smugglers . . . the PGR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was rotten with corruption.

Moreover, "Mexico's newly appointed drug czar, Army General Jesus Gutierrez Rebollo, was arrested for being in league with the traffickers."

There are oversights and contradictions in Davidow's testimony, which, although raising many questions, do not detract from the merit of the whole. Whether his intention was to "remove some of [his] more outrageous statements and opinions," as the Foreword suggests, or to cover for brazen U.S. policy blunders, or simply to keep from burning his bridges for future bi-national endeavors, only he and his editors know.

Never does Davidow mention the historical roots of Mexico's staunchly defended inferiority complex, which is often used to justify inferior behavior: namely, the Arab component of Spanish colonial influence. Mexicans, men particularly, place pride and ego beyond all other considerations, thus sabotaging real honor and the fulfillment of their duties. Like the Arabs who, out of spite as much as politico-religious considerations, blow themselves up throughout the Middle East, Mexicans will gladly sabotage cooperative efforts at solving problems if they are not receiving sufficient recognition or a big enough piece of the pie. Their insurmountable egos create an almost insatiable desire for power and control, one that will see the ship sunk rather than commanded by another. Mexico, writes Davidow, "suffers from an arrested state of national psychological development that too frequently infuses the bi-lateral relationship with adolescent resentment and self-defeating posturing." If Davidow's testimony has one shortcoming, it is that he is too diplomatic.

Davidow does give due focus to the unreasonable demands and hypocrisy of Mexican attitudes toward the United States, including repeated mention of their criminality in America. The human-rights issue, which has become almost a *cause célèbre* for Vicente Fox's foreign policy, does not help either the average Mexican or American victims of Mexican crimes but only Mexican criminals and lawbreakers in El Norte.

More blood-and-guts facts regarding the negative impact of Mexican crimes in the United States would be instructive. Over 100,000 Mexican felons are currently incarcerated in American prisons, and over 360,000 have already been deported after serving time. Some have returned illegally as members of the prison-formed Barrio Azteca gang (among others) to engage in drug running and other criminal activities. In Arizona alone, Mexicans have committed more than 60 murders, only to flee across the border, where immunity from punishment is virtually guaranteed. Mexican law prohibits extradition if the subject could face the death penalty or life imprisonment, so the villain walks free. A truly objective account of Mexican behavior in the United States would see an astronomical bill sent south of the border for all of the rapes, murders, robberies, carjackings, drug trafficking, and other damage done to innumerable American victims.

Mexicans cry havoc when a Mexican in the United States is facing the death penalty. (Some even accost unsuspecting gringos on Mexican streets to complain about alleged racism up north.) The Mexican constitution, however, provides absurd and biased protections against foreigners, including a prohibition on "*agrediendo a un Mexicano*" ("insulting a Mexican"), which is punishable by incarceration and deportation. Mexicans commonly hide behind this clause when cheating or abusing foreigners.

Another oversight on Davidow's part is his faith in Mexico's lame-duck president, Vicente Fox Quesada,

> an honest man . . . a religious man . . . a man who [has] obviously thought carefully about Mexico's future. He [is] committed to . . . changing the country's political dynamic to give the people faith in their government. [He has] the ability to see himself at a distance . . . [He is] someone who [can] offer Mexico a concrete plan for the future.

In fact, Fox's government has abused power and state institutions no less than his predecessors in the Partido Revolucionario Institucional, and Davidow rightly notes that, just as not all that was done by the PRI was bad, so not all that Fox has done is good. Fox has proved himself to be a demagogue, a paper jaguar unable to produce results, irrespective of opposition.

Just what has been achieved with a nonconfrontational Good Neighbor policy of "cooperation," Davidow's book never convincingly explains; and any benefit that could possibly be derived by the United States through further integration with such a dysfunctional, failed society remains unclear. Davidow openly admits the failings of current U.S. immigration policy: "[T]aken together, the millions of lies of [Mexican visa applicants] had changed the demographic face of America and made a mockery of US immigration policy."

And those who did not lie for a visa and risked the *mojado* border journey played Mexican roulette with their lives: "There [on the border] they suffered depredations at the hands of gangs who robbed, raped, and sometimes killed, often with the connivance of local [Mexican] police."

Davidow finishes his book with a futuristic prologue leaping forward to 2025, when an Open Borders agreement exists throughout North America, creating an arrangement similar to that of the European Union. But his utopian (or hellish, depending on one's point of view) theorizing does not address the impoverished, crime-infested, depressed *barrios* throughout the United States, where Mexicans have achieved numerical majority. More competitive wages would make jobs that attract illegal migrants viable for native-born Americans, thus improving the national economy and greatly reducing unemployment and immigrant crime. Nowhere in his epilogue does Davidow suggest sealing the borders and repatriating illegal migrants; yet these measures might be as good a way as any to prod Mexico toward an understanding of what it means to be, truly, a Good Neighbor.

V. Groginsky writes from Mexico City.

Discuss the most important conservative books with

Thomas Fleming

at

The Hard Right Book Club

www.ChroniclesMagazine.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Scott P. Richert

If You Can't Beat 'Em . . .

While Rockford, as I wrote last month, is becoming increasingly Democratic, Winnebago County, in which Rockford lies, remains fairly strongly Republican. Despite the massive growth of the City of Rockford over the last two-and-a-half decades (it now pushes all the way to the Boone County border on the east and occupies over 60 square miles, over a third again as much space as Milwaukee, which has approximately four times the population), Winnebago County remains largely rural and "underpopulated." Farmers and small-town merchants (or the descendants thereof), most non-Rockfordian citizens of Winnebago County firmly occupy Red State America.

Thus, it is no surprise that 19 of the 28 members of the Winnebago County Board are Republicans. Their dominance is even greater than the numbers suggest. Winnebago County is divided into 14 board districts, and each district has two representatives. The Republicans control eight of the fourteen outright; the Democrats, three; and three are split between the parties.

Because Winnebago County is more Republican than Rockford proper, some politicians who have failed to win office in the city in recent years—such as W. Timothy Simms, the Republican candidate for mayor in April 1997—have sought greener pastures in county-board elections. (Elected in 2002, Simms is a board member for District 14 and the Republican majority leader.) On paper at least, the Republicans have complete control of the county, since they have a two-thirds supermajority and, thus, could (theoretically) pass (or block) any legislation they desire. The situation would seem quite conducive to the full flowering of the Republican vision of low taxes, fiscal accountability, and legislative and regulatory restraint.

And yet, for the past decade, the county has been anything but a Republican paradise. For eight years, from the fall of 1996 through mid-2004, many Republicans blamed the county's less-than-restrained taxing and spending on Kristine O'Rourke Cohn, the popularly elected full-time county-board chairman. (In Illinois, most county boards choose their chairman from among the elected members, and the position is part-time. In 1992, the Winnebago County Board created the position of full-time county-board chairman, elected directly by the people.) Cohn, previously a Democrat, had switched parties, though not her political positions. (She remained, for instance, pro-choice, although that hardly mattered, since the only abortuary in Winnebago County is in Rockford, outside of the county's jurisdiction.)

During Cohn's eight years in office, taxes and spending increased dramatically, as did the size of the county bureaucracy. She embarked on an unprecedented road-building spree, which earned her many enemies when the county used special "Quick Take" legislation (a particularly virulent form of eminent domain) to seize half of the homestead of blind Army veteran Tom Ditzler. Where rolling hills, a stream, and trees once stood, today stretches a vast expanse of asphalt—the "Harrison-Springfield extension," completing a loop of modern roads encircling Rockford. (In what seemed an especially nasty move, Cohn, at the ribbon-cutting ceremony, christened this circuit the "Veterans Memorial Beltway.")

With dissatisfaction with Cohn on the rise, her most vocal Republican critic (she had very few Democratic ones), Peter M. "Pete" MacKay, ran against her in the Republican primary in February 2000, vowing, if he won, to eliminate the very office for which he was competing. MacKay pointed out (quite rightly) that the Illinois counties with the highest taxes, largest bureaucracies, and greatest spending are those that have popularly elected, full-time county-board chairmen. It seems an obvious point, of course—give a politician a full-time job, and he will expand it as much as the limits of the law and the whims of the electorate will allow—but voters had a tough time wrapping their heads around the idea that someone would want to run for a position that he didn't believe should even exist.

With her sizable war chest; heavy backing from local developers, such as Sunil Puri, and public-works contractors, such as William Charles Ltd. (parent company of Rockford Blacktop, whose website, *rockfordblacktop.com*, proudly—and without a hint of irony—displays the slogan "Paving the Planet for Over 55 Years"), both of whom benefited greatly from having a full-time county-board chairman; and endorsements from both prominent Republicans and prominent Democrats (including then-mayor Charles Box and then-state representative, and current mayor, Doug Scott), Cohn won the primary handily. Not surprisingly, she faced no Democratic opposition in the 2000 general election.

Cohn's second term, however, was marked by setbacks, as her desire to extend Perryville Road (on Rockford's far east side) all the way to the Wisconsin border was stymied by years of well-laid plans on the part of Roscoe Township, which just happened to own the right-of-way on a federally protected bicycle path that cut across all possible routes that Perryville could follow. And while Cohn, in concert with Winnebago County State's Attorney Paul Logli and Sheriff Richard Meyers, successfully lobbied for the passage of an open-ended one-cent increase in the county's sales tax, ostensibly to fund the building of a new county jail, the public outcry over the lavish design of the jail, the decision to place it in downtown Rockford, and the use of some of the funds to cover current shortfalls in the county's budget put Cohn on the defensive. By 2002, she had already started looking for a new job, and she accepted the dubious honor of being the Republican sacrificial lamb in the November 2002 race for Illinois secretary of state against popular incumbent Democrat Jesse White. (White's popularity had less to do with what he had done as secretary of state than with what he hadn't: Unlike his predecessor, George Ryan, White hadn't sold licenses to illegal aliens and truckers who had failed licensing and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

safety tests. The Republican Ryan, of course, went on to become governor of Illinois—beating the last truly conservative Democrat in America, downstate U.S. Rep. Glenn Poshard—and left office under a cloud after one term, to be indicted in the "licenses for bribes" scandal.)

Having lost her race for secretary of state, Cohn sent mixed signals about her desire to run for a third term as chairman. In the 2002 general election, Tim Simms, Dave MacKay (brother of Pete), and Rockford Township Clerk Chris K. Johnson were elected to the county board, strengthening the anti-Cohn contingent of Republicans. Dave MacKay declared it his mission in life to make his brother's dream a reality by eliminating Cohn's office, and—initially, at least—he seemed to have the support of Republican Majority Leader Simms. But when the committee Dave MacKay headed passed a resolution to end the office, Simms decided not to bring it to the full board, claiming that the time wasn't right.

With Cohn still trying to decide whether to announce her bid for a third term, the head of her own campaign committee, Scott Christiansen, himself a former chairman of the Winnebago County Board (back when the chairman was chosen from among the elected members of the board), announced that he would run for the Republican nomination. And then, if the rumors are to be believed, Republican Majority Leader Simms, just days before the deadline for filing nominating petitions, informed Cohn that he would bring Dave MacKay's resolution to the full board if she ran again—and he had the votes to pass it. Facing the possible humiliation of winning a third term only to have her office eliminated, Kris Cohn stepped aside.

And so, his Machiavellian maneuverings successful, Simms brought the resolution to the floor. It passed overwhelmingly; the MacKay brothers were vindicated; and, after 12 aberrant years of big government, Winnebago County returned to the Republican vision of lower taxes, modest spending, and limited government.

And, if you believe that, you are obviously a first-time reader of this column.

With Cohn's departure imminent, Simms acted in the grand tradition of the Reagan Republicanism he so proudly proclaims. Just as candidate Reagan promised to eliminate the federal Department of Education only to expand it, by the end of his eight years in office, to three times the size it was on the day of his first inauguration, Simms quietly killed the MacKay resolution. After all, think of all that could be accomplished by having his candidate—Scott Christiansen—in the office! What good is Machiavellianism if you're simply going to renounce the spoils?

When Cohn received a federal appointment (a little payback for actively supporting George W. Bush in 2000), she resigned the chairmanship, and the Republican majority appointed Christiansen to fill out the rest of her term, essentially allowing him to go into the November election as an incumbent. He closely aligned himself with Winnebago County Circuit Clerk Marc Gasparini, a Republican whose father, Don Gasparini, had simultaneously been a longtime sheriff (elected as a Democrat) and a well-known poacher of deer. Gasparini transferred almost $5,000 from his campaign to Christiansen's, and the two shared campaign headquarters and billboards. Facing a poorly funded opponent in a Republican county, Christiansen looked like a shoo-in, and he and his allies on the board set about consolidating their power.

Earlier in the year, Dave MacKay had passed away after an extended battle with cancer, and, at a Republican caucus shortly after his death, a grave figure declared, "One MacKay down, one to go." Several of those in attendance interpreted that remark as indicating that the speaker intended to bury Pete MacKay (politically, that is). Even though it meant potentially losing the Republican supermajority on the board, Christiansen, Simms, and Simms' right-hand man, Chris K. Johnson, not-so-quietly offered support to Pete MacKay's Democratic opponent in the November election. (Johnson literally sits at Simms' right hand at all board meetings, even though they do not represent numerically sequential districts.) The Republicans stripped MacKay of his chairmanship of the county's zoning committee and gave it to Johnson. MacKay—a principled conservative who actually believes what the Republican Party professes to believe and, worse yet, acts on those beliefs—was no longer welcome in the Winnebago County Republican Party.

Three-and-a-half years before, MacKay had been elected to the post of Rockford Township Highway Commissioner, beating, in the primary, incumbent Republican Ron Swanson, whose tenure had been marked by nonstop scandal. As the November 2004 election approached, similar allegations of corruption were leveled against MacKay by a former employee of the township highway commission—and an ally of Swanson. MacKay demanded a state-police investigation, which found the allegations to be baseless, and Winnebago County State's Attorney Paul Logli—a political ally of Christiansen, Simms, Johnson, and Gasparini—was forced to issue a press release clearing MacKay of all wrongdoing.

Still, the Simms-Christiansen-Johnson juggernaut kept barreling along. But then an odd thing happened. On Election Day, Paul Gorski, the Democratic candidate, came within a few hundred votes of beating Christiansen. The support of Pete MacKay (who easily won reelection) and other disaffected Republicans helped Gorski, a relative political novice, almost pull off the upset of the year, despite the fact that Christiansen outspent him about ten to one.

MacKay himself was not out of the woods yet. In early December, Chris K. Johnson announced his intention to run against his fellow board member in the Republican primary for Rockford Township Highway Commissioner. At the same time, Ron Swanson, the corrupt Republican MacKay had defeated, announced that he would run for his former office as a Democrat. And soon, Jeff Havens of the weekly *Rock River Times* discovered that Johnson had notarized some of Swanson's nominating petitions. Rumors swirled round of a pact between the two men—if each won his respective primary, one would step aside—but both, not surprisingly and not convincingly, denied the obvious. (Havens—the best local investigative reporter in Rockford—wrote several very good articles, available on *RockRiverTimes.com*, on the attempt to embalm MacKay prematurely.)

In the Republican primary on February 22, Pete MacKay easily defeated Johnson, by a margin of three to one, and Swanson was denied the nomination of his newfound party. The story, however, may be only beginning: According to the pre-election financial-disclosure forms that he filed with the state, Chris Johnson received $2,600 in contributions in his run against MacKay. William Charles Ltd. pitched in $1,000. Tim Simms, running for mayor in 1997, vowed never to accept money from the parent company of Rockford Blacktop. He may have laid that promise to rest: Something tells me that his left hand knows what his right hand has been doing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Greatest Threat to Our Civilization?

Is our civilization in peril? Is it possible that America and the Western world in general—ostensibly more powerful and more affluent than ever—are in mortal danger? Even if you are an optimist who believes that Western culture can be revived, you would be mistaken to think that there is no threat that demands immediate action to save our civilization.

Chronicles' Foreign Affairs Editor Srdja Trifkovic believes that the most serious immediate threat to the West is Islam, a teaching that is part religion, part totalitarian ideology, and part blueprint for global conquest. He is not a prophet of doom but a realist who believes that the "War on Terror" is a just and necessary endeavor. But he warns that the war is misnamed: It confuses the jihadist enemy with the terrorist tool. More seriously, it is waged without a proper assessment of the enemy and his beliefs, motives, and past record.

You can now hear Dr. Trifkovic expand on these themes in his brand-new series:

Islam: The Score

These three alarming one-hour audiotapes or CD's present:

I. The Teaching: Muhammad, the Koran, the Sunna
II. The Fruits: Thirteen Centuries of Jihad
III. The Ambition: Infidel Submission

Dr. Trifkovic's book *The Sword of the Prophet* has sold over 60,000 copies and was described by Jeffrey Rubin, editor of the Conservative Book Club, as "easily the most important (not to mention courageous) book written in response to 9/11 that I've read—perhaps one of the two or three most important books I've read in my nearly six years as Club editor."

This concise series is perfect for journalists, clerics, lawmakers, students and teachers, Church groups, and anyone who needs a careful and well-researched introduction to Islam.

"Dr. Trifkovic understands Islam, knows we were knocking on the wrong door in Baghdad, and is devastating on the absence of historical memory. The problem of historical ignorance in today's English-speaking world, where claims about far-away lands and cultures are made on the basis of domestic multiculturalist assumptions, are hit right on the head by the author."
—Taki, the *American Conservative* (May 19, 2003)

Special introductory price (includes shipping & handling)

Audiotapes—$30.00
CD's—$35.00

For a limited time, we will include with each order a free copy of Dr. Trifkovic's 30-minute bare-bones introduction to Islam,
"The Greatest Threat to Our Civilization,"
perfect for anyone who tells you we all worship the same god.

To order, call Cindy Link at (800) 383-0680.
Mention code R04CFIAITSS for audiotapes and code R04CFIAITSSCD for CD's.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter From Poland

by Mark Wegierski

Polish-German Reconciliation in an Historic Town

◆

On August 29, 2004, just before my departure from Poland, I attended an important ceremony at the small, historic town of Nieszawa, which lies near the Vistula River, about 200 kilometers northwest of Warsaw, in the Kujawy-Pomorze (Kuyavia-Pomerania) region or Voivodeship (Wojewodztwo). It was a sunny and rather hot day. The town, which currently has about 2,200 residents, was founded in the 15th century. Before World War II, Poles and Germans had lived side by side in Nieszawa for centuries. During the time of the Partitions (1795-1918), when Poland was under the occupation of three foreign powers, the town lay close to the border between Prussia/Germany and czarist Russia. When independent Poland was reborn in 1918, the town became a county seat (*miasto powiatowe*) and attracted some illustrious residents.

Nieszawa is the first municipality in Poland to unveil a monument to both Polish and German victims of World War II. Like all cities, towns, and villages in German-occupied Poland, Nieszawa suffered extensively at the hands of the Germans. Many of the town's Polish residents—especially its intellectual and political leaders—were executed outright, sent to concentration camps, or conscripted for slave labor locally. In April 1945, in the aftermath of war, those Germans who had chosen to remain (mostly women, children, and the elderly) were drowned in the frigid waters of the Vistula at the instigation of the communist security police.

In the early 1990's, the parish priest of Nieszawa, Fr. Wojciech Sowa, a highly educated and cultured man, began to lay the groundwork for the eventual construction of the monument whose dedication I was attending. The monument is a testimony to voluntary, personal initiatives between once-hostile nations, which are often the best road toward any meaningful reconciliation.

The ceremony on August 29 was the culmination of many years of endeavor. The event began in the more than 500-year-old Church of St. Jadwiga, with a Remembrance Mass followed by a Lutheran Divine Service. The liturgies were followed by a procession to the very spot on to the shores of the Vistula where the murders had taken place in 1945. Subsequently, the crowd gathered around the actual monument, also near the shores of the Vistula, and various sonorous speeches were given. Nieszawa was represented by its current mayor, Andrzej Nawrocki, and there were representatives of the county (*powiat*) such as Janusz Chmielewski, chief executive of the county council. Along with most of the town's current residents, Dr. Gustave Bekker (a German expellee whose father had been murdered near Nieszawa in 1945), Stephan Hilsberg (a member of the Bundestag), and Julia Hilpner (a cultural attache of the German Embassy), as well as over 250 other Germans—World War II survivors or their descendants—were at the ceremony. Dr. Bekker had initiated and carried forward the idea of the monument, as part of his long-time activism on behalf of German-Polish reconciliation.

That the Roman Catholic Church takes up such activities of reconciliation is entirely apposite. Indeed, the inscription on the monument reads (in both Polish and German): "We forgive and ask for forgiveness." In response to a German Lutheran initiative in 1965, the Polish Roman Catholic hierarchy, in its "Letter of the Polish Bishops" (November 18, 1965), had uttered that magnanimous phrase.

Five million Christian Poles perished during World War II (as well as three million Polish Jews). Although Stalin's regime was clearly genocidal toward Poles in 1939-41, at least three million Polish Christian deaths during World War II can be attributed directly to the exterminatory policies of Nazi Germany—rather than, for example, military casualties. Also, even before the outbreak of the war, the Polish minority within the Third Reich was severely persecuted, and few survived.

The Polish-German conflict was further exacerbated in the aftermath of the war by the Stalin-mandated shift of Poland's boundaries westward; while Poland lost huge territories in the east to the Soviet Union, she gained considerable lands in the west at German expense. In Stalin's conception, these would bind Poland forever to a pro-Russian orientation, because of Polish fear of German revanchism. The new boundaries were roughly similar to those of early medieval Poland. Much of the German population had fled with Hitler's retreating soldiers before the arrival of the Soviet armies, whose behavior toward German civilians was savage. Some of the Germans who remained may have felt that they had behaved relatively decently during the war and would thus be shielded by their Polish neighbors from persecution. Nevertheless, the boundary shift created its own imperative, as destitute, homeless Poles streamed in from the east, and the expulsion of the German population was seen as rightful retribution. It was also abundantly clear that—whatever reservations some Poles might have had about the expulsion of the civilian German population—Stalin himself wanted the expulsions to happen. Much of the brutality that accompanied the expulsions should be ascribed to the communist security apparatus, a significant portion of which did not (at that time) consist of Poles.

Compared to the treatment of the Polish nationalist resistance against Soviet communism, the treatment of the civilian German population was better. In fact, a civil war raged throughout Poland until the late 1940's. It has been nearly forgotten that over 100,000 Poles died resisting Soviet communism after 1945. Furthermore, tens of thousands of Polish resistance fighters (who had fought against Hitler since 1939) were rounded up and sent to the Soviet Gulag, from which most of the survivors were not released until 1956.

Although the Polish Communist Party had attempted to use the Polish Bishops' letter to stir up Polish nationalist feeling against the Church, that letter undoubtedly played an important role in the 1970 normalization of relations between Poland and West Germany, including the recognition of the new Polish frontiers (the so-called Odra-Nysa border) by West Germany.

There are at least three factors that weigh heavily on the future of German-Polish relations. First, there is the inherent asymmetry of relations between one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country whose economy is ten or eleven times larger than that of the other, and whose population is more than twice as large. Many Poles express fear that the Germans will simply be able to "buy up" Poland. There is also a troubling asymmetry between the very robust advance of German minority claims in Poland and the unfortunate situation of Polish minorities in the east.

Second, in Western Europe (as well as in North America) today, the vast extent of Nazi Germany's evil against Slavic countries and peoples is curiously deemphasized. This leads to a situation in which some Germans may believe that, while they are obligated to defer to other groups, they are allowed to express pronounced disdain for the Poles. Indeed, the motives for some Germans' condemnation of Poles as hidebound reactionaries are rather suspect.

This leads to the third factor—the problems with the establishment of the European Union. As a country with pronounced traditionalism, nationalism, and conservatism, Poland may indeed be out of sorts with the kind of European Union envisaged by the French, German, and Benelux socialists. Polish critics of the European Union sometimes refer to it as the "Fourth Reich" (*i.e.*, a covert vehicle for German hegemony over Europe) or as a "new Soviet Union" (*i.e.*, a bureaucratic socialist nightmare).

It is sometimes fascinating to watch how long-held animosities are affected by the massive transformations and transmogrifications which most Western societies have undergone in the 20th century. For example, the basis for holding some ethnic groups in disdain is no longer ostensibly "traditional" but "progressive." Eastern Europeans are often considered today to be "backward"—irredeemably "unprogressive"—and as suitable targets for "enlightened" reeducation projects. The underlying feeling is that people "from there," "holding those sorts of views," simply *cannot* be permitted to hold responsible positions in society. Hence, we see what could be called—to borrow the term from another context—"respectable bigotry."

The Polish nationalist perspective on Germany is rather ambiguous. On the one hand, there is the fear of an aggressive, economically superior Germany. On the other, there may be some recognition that Germany is much different from what she was before and is indeed facing—like most Western countries—an impending demographic and sociocultural crisis. Across the Polish political spectrum, there are convergences and divergences in attitudes toward Germany that cannot be predictively tied to partisan affiliation. The pre-World War II National Democracy movement, now frequently pilloried by the politically correct left in Poland, was, in fact, dynamically anti-German. In the 1930's, the Polish National Democrats perceived with clarity the dangers of Hitler and argued for a close alliance with Czechoslovakia. Among most "progressives" today, the Polish National Democrats have an unwarranted reputation as Nazi sympathizers. Although the National Democrats certainly had pronounced anti-Jewish elements, they were also among the most courageous anti-Nazis in occupied Poland and suffered disproportionately to their numbers. On the other hand, one finds among some sectors of the Polish politically correct left today an exaggerated Germanophilia—views sometimes expressed in Adam Michnik's *Gazeta Wyborcza*, the largest and most profitable mass-circulation newspaper in Poland.

One helpful element in German-Polish relations might be the recognition by Poles of a German "conservative anti-Nazi" outlook during World War II and its aftermath. It seems clear that, today, when German conservatism, nationalism, and traditionalism are largely proscribed by political correctness, whatever German national feeling remains will have a tendency to seek expression in pathological forms or to attempt to gain political legitimacy by blackening the Poles through "progressive"-sounding condemnations. In fact, in most Western countries, it could be argued that it is precisely by giving political scope and legitimacy to authentic conservative traditions that various Nazi-like aberrations of the fringe can be reduced.

That the German-Polish dialogue has been led by the Christian churches is not at all surprising: It is precisely the Christian ideal of forgiveness that can be an answer to ever-spiraling cycles of hatred, resentment, and crude vengeance.

Mark Wegierski writes from Toronto.

THE NATIONALIST TIMES

Subscribe to America's best patriotic newspaper. In each month's issue, The Nationalist Times tackles politics, immigration, social issues, economics, privacy issues, and all the latest doings of the New World Order subversives, and we do it from a perspective that infuriates liberals and neo-cons and delights patriots.

Globalism is what's powering both the Democrats and Republicans these days in service of the American Empire. The only antidote to one-worldism is nationalism, the kind advocated each month by The Nationalist Times.

Published since 1985, The Nationalist Times is politically independent and promotes a common sense, intelligent and passionate alternative to the reigning "party line."

Readers of Chronicles may subscribe to The Nationalist Times for the special low introductory offer of just $19 for one year. That's more than half off the regular subscription price! Send to: The Nationalist Times, P.O. Box 426, Allison Park, PA 15101.

Letter From the Upper Midwest

by Sean Scallon

Life in the Iron Range

◆

At Mineview in the Sky, a tourist attraction in Virginia, Minnesota, you can see, with binoculars that cost a quarter to operate, white smoke rising from the top of hills laden with iron ore that are still being mined, while the towns around them sit nestled in the valley below.

Three decades ago, no one would have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thought that people from Minneapolis would want to travel all the way up to Virginia, about an hour and a half from the Canadian border, to browse a gift shop with a full-scale model of U.S. Steel's mining operation in Mt. Iron, buy ethnic Iron Range quilts, look at a landscape that resembles the surface of the Moon, or take group pictures in one of the large shovels used to scoop up the low-grade iron ore that is processed into the steel pellets known as taconite before being transported *via* the Messabi Railroad to the ore docks of Duluth, Superior, and Two Harbors and shipped by Great Lakes freighter to the steel mills of Gary, Hammond, and Cleveland.

And certainly, nobody would have thought that an aged couple from the Twin Cities would want to buy a cheap retirement home in an Iron Range town or on an Iron Range lake, to live out the rest of their lives in bleak little mining towns with boarded-up storefronts, towns the young and ambitious—such as Boston Celtics star and Minnesota Timberwolves vice president and head coach Kevin McHale or one Robert Zimmerman, a.k.a. Bob Dylan, who both hail from Hibbing—leave and where those left behind deal with unemployment, harsh winters, alcoholism, and violence. And yet such seniors make the trek up north.

What exactly did "Iron Range" mean 20 or 30 years ago? It meant mining—three ranges worth of iron-ore deposits known separately as Cuyuna, Vermillion, and Mesabi. It meant immigrants, who came to work the mines from such European lands as Serbia, Croatia, Slovenia, Poland, Italy, Scotland, Ireland, Finland, Sweden, and all the other countries that have their colors along Gilbert's Avenue of the Flags, which goes right through its downtown. It meant the unique cultures that these miners and their families created together. It meant labor strife and union politics. It meant the harshness of a Northern winter, the mining camps, the frontier-like towns that sprang up beside the mines and the rough-and-tumble life that they spawned. It meant occasional deprivation, when the mines closed periodically because of the ups and downs of the commodities markets. It meant a passion for hockey and other sports.

It certainly did not mean tourism or retirement homes.

The Cuyuna and Vermillion ranges had been dug out by the early 1980's. Yet, in the Mesabi, the mines are still important, because of their connection to the many small businesses that serve them. And thanks to strong Chinese demand and the steel tariffs once imposed by the Bush administration, those mines are humming at near full capacity again.

Mining is also important as tourist kitsch. Just as Flint, Michigan, built Auto-World to lure tourists to the city, the Iron Range has IronWorld in Chisholm. A tourist from the Twin Cities may stop by to discover what taconite really is (former Minnesota governor Jesse "The Body" Ventura couldn't even begin to describe it when asked by Jay Leno during an appearance on *The Tonight Show*) and to learn about the many cultures of the immigrant groups that live there. Yet what most tourists really want to do is to bike or to ride ATV's and snowmobiles on paths strewn with iron ore rock, go camping, golf or ski at the Giant's Ridge resort, boat and fish on the lakes carved out of reclaimed mine pits, or visit the shops and restaurants of the faux-Alpine town of Biwabik.

The Iron Range's other economic pillar is the service economy. Many healthcare companies have opened up claim-processing centers and record-keeping offices. Minneapolis-based Northwest Airlines has a reservation center in Chisholm.

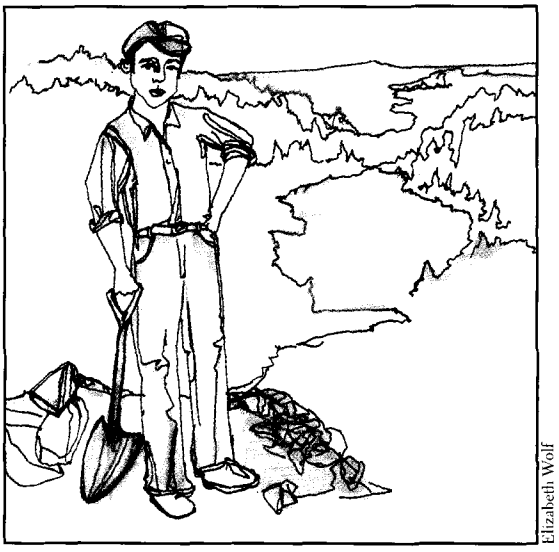
Of course, having the healthcare facilities is nice for the retirees who move here. If you had bought a simple but comfortable and efficient miner's home in Babbitt during the recession of the early 1980's, when they were being unloaded for three or four thousand dollars after the closing of the Reserve mining facility, you could sell it for $30,000 today. And that is the medium-to-high end of the housing market up here, excluding lake homes. You don't have to dip too far into your life savings to live comfortably on the Iron Range. In fact, housing prices are so affordable that even young folk who leave after high school looking for work in the Twin Cities, where even medium-sized apartments can run $800 per month, often come back. As a friend who lives on the Range pointed out to me, if you don't mind the one- to one-and-a-half-hour drive (depending on how fast you travel the four-lane Highway 53 and whether you can avoid the state police), you can commute to work in the Duluth area, which makes the Iron Range one big, distant bedroom community.

My wife is an iron miner's daughter, born and bred on the Range. She is both practical and frugal, searching for the best prices and deals and making do with nothing or with little. She tells stories about not being able to afford a new pair of shoes when needed and of eating government cheese while growing up.

With mining no longer the be-all and end-all of the region, and with newcomers moving in and service jobs taking up much of the slack, where does that leave the Iron Range as a culture, as a distinct part of Minnesota and the Upper Midwest—and America, for that matter? In today's economy, there are some place names that are tied to particular businesses and industries, such as Silicon Valley; the Research Triangle; and Redmond, Washington (home of Microsoft). But has anyone ever written a Silicon Valley cookbook or sewn a Dallas-Ft. Worth Metroplex quilt? It may be a coincidence, but industrial-era places not only served as job markets but anchored cultures. They were real places, with churches, halls, schools, and homes that taught dances, songs, languages, and crafts, handed down from one generation to the next.

Returning from Mineview, I sit at my desk at home, looking at a program from a dance recital (ages kindergarten through high school) that my wife's stepsister took part in at the Mesabi Community College Theater in Virginia. I read the names of those involved with the show: Wercinski, Plesha, Kamunen, Baudek. I also see Vovk, Moe, Jofs, and Ribich. There's Licari, Lakoskey, Kilpela, and Moisio. Gullingsrud, Croteau, Bozicevich, Shackelton, and Nortivich are there, too. So long as the names remain the same, the Iron Range will survive.

Sean Scallon is a newspaper reporter and freelance writer who lives in Arkansaw, Wisconsin.



Elizabeth Wolf

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Rockford Institute's
Center for International Affairs

Presents

An International Conference

THE WAR ON TERROR: ARE WE WINNING OR LOSING?

Saturday, April 16, 2005
8:30 A.M.

Crowne Plaza Chicago O'Hare
5440 North River Road
Rosemont, Illinois

The Rockford Institute has long warned that the "War on Terror" suffers from structural weaknesses that may jeopardize its outcome. It is self-defeating to fight global *jihad* in some areas and to pander to its ambitions in others, notably in the Balkans. Further, the war may be lost here at home if we do not reconsider an immigration policy that currently brings to the West millions of people born and bred in countries at risk for terrorism.

To increase public awareness of the problem and to consider different ways of dealing with it, we have assembled a panel of prominent scholars, diplomats, and public-affairs analysts from both sides of the Atlantic Ocean who will consider the continuing threat and evaluate policies essential to Western security and to the survival of our common civilization.

Speakers include:

Wayne Allensworth—Author of *The Russian Question: Nationalism, Modernization, and Post-Communist Russia.*

The Honorable James Bissett—Former director of Canada's Immigration Foreign Service, chairman of the Lord Byron Foundation for Balkan Studies

Dr. Thomas Fleming—President of The Rockford Institute, editor-in-chief of *Chronicles*, author of, most recently, *The Morality of Everyday Life*

Col. Ronald Hatchett, USAF Ret.—Former director of the Center of International Studies, University of Saint Thomas, Houston

Lt. Col. Frederick Peterson, USMC Ret.—Deputy director of the Institute for Security Studies, UNLV, senior policy advisor for counterterrorism for Congressman Tom Tancredo

Dr. Stephen Presser—Legal-affairs editor for *Chronicles*, Raoul Berger Professor of Legal History at Northwestern University

Thomas W. Pauken—Former chairman of the Republican Party of Texas, author of *The Thirty Years War: The Politics of the Sixties Generation*

The Honorable Darko Tanaskovic—Ambassador of Serbia Montengro to the Holy See, professor of Oriental Studies at the University of Belgrade, a leading authority on Islam

Dr. Srdja Trifkovic—Foreign-affairs editor for *Chronicles*, director of The Rockford Institute's Center for International Affairs, author, most recently, of *Sword of the Prophet: Islam—History, Theology, Impact on the World*

Please reserve _____ spaces @ $85.00 each (includes lunch) **Total Enclosed:** $ _____

I would like to make a donation of $_____ to this conference to help make it a success and so that young students can attend.

Make check payable to:
The Rockford Institute
928 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103

- To pay by credit card, please call Cindy Link at (815) 964-5813.
- For further information, including discounts for full-time students, please contact Christopher Check, executive vice president, at (815) 964-5811.
- A limited number of rooms are available at the Crowne Plaza at the rate of $99.00. To reserve a room, call (847) 671-0334 and mention The Rockford Institute

Name(s) _____

Address _____

City_____State_____Zip_____

E-mail/Phone/Fax _____

_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TECHNOLOGY

Digitize Me: Fake ID

by Marian Kester Coombs

The cultural critique of "robotization," "automation," "computerization," "the cybernetic society," "technofascism"—the takeover of human affairs by artificial intelligence—was born of artist/poet William Blake in the 18th century. On page after page of beautifully crabbed script, Blake raged against Reason:

> None could break the Web, no
> wings of fire.
> So twisted the cords, & so knotted
> The meshes: twisted like to the human brain
> And all calld it, The Net of Religion.

Reason's unceasing urge to quantify Life ("Abstract Philosophy warring in enmity against Imagination") "withers up the Human Form Divine." "Beneath the bottom of the Graves, which is Earths central joint," Blake believed, "There is a place where Contraries are equally true." Embracing this irrational truth is spiritually liberating:

> Spectre of Albion! warlike
> Fiend!
> In cloud of blood & ruin roll'd:
> I here reclaim thee as my own
> My Selfhood! Satan! armd in gold.

Two hundred years and more after Blake, the accelerating transcription of all data into electronic form, the seemingly irresistible transformation from real to simulated, material to ethereal, tangible to virtual, continues to inspire dread and rage. People grasp, even if politicians don't, the simple fact that megacentralization of information generates too many decision vectors for any man or group to cope with. Increasing speed and complexity ruthlessly abolish the human factor. You don't have to be a Luddite to sense that IT will never possess the humanity to make decisions fit for human beings.

Popular culture is alive with imaginative fears about this creeping-by-leaps-and-bounds digitization (or digitalization) of our lives and what it could mean for liberty, security, prosperity, and our humanity: If everything is digital, then everything can be digitally altered—or erased.

The 1997 film *Wag the Dog* touched on some of our darker fears. This film was most uncannily made before the Monica Lewinsky affair broke and before Clinton's opportunist alliance with the Kosovo Albanians. Its plot involves the president's aides hiring a stable of state-of-the-art dream merchants to manufacture a war with Albania to divert the public's attention from a sex scandal involving a young girl wearing a beret.

The most chilling moment in *Wag the Dog* is when a freshly recorded "old-timey" 78, complete with distressed sleeve, is inserted into the Library of Congress audio collection for a gullible reporter to "discover." One thing popular culture understands about modern fakery is that it is so high-tech as to be well nigh undetectable: The forged National Guard memos that fooled the old fogies at CBS were so poorly done that they must have been intended to be found out sooner rather (no pun intended) than later—fake forgeries.

In 2002's *The Bourne Identity* and 2004's *The Bourne Supremacy*, it is understood that you are not free until you are "off the grid," no longer triggering electronic "hits" that disclose status, whereabouts, or intention. Identity is, in fact, the core anxiety in most of these cautionary tales—identity either lost and needing to be regained or compromised and needing to be laundered. Even when enhanced by the Global Positioning System, surveillance (or "the grid") only works if its targets can be ID'd. Surveillance technology is simultaneously oppressive (by definition, a tool of tyranny) and vulnerable, internally easy to hack or tweak and externally easy to disrupt or destroy. Surveillance reduces everyone and everything to the Enemy; it is at once completely intimate and utterly impersonal.

In a world where those in charge are increasingly antagonistic toward those they seek to control, human identity itself has become problematic. Who are we as social and moral beings, as members of a community, if we must have our identities challenged and reverified on an almost-daily basis? Our surveillors seem unable to tell the difference between those "legitimately" present in this society and the terrorist tourists from Yemen or Egypt or Morocco who were supposed to be on the famous no-fly list. "Just checking" . . . If our identities can only be determined biometrically, by retinal scan or DNA swatch matched to a digital database, what do they mean? If our identities can be literally "swiped" in the form of a tiny encoded card and used to set up counteridentities, what good are they? Are we who we say we are, or are we who the database says we are?

In Terry Gilliam's black comedy *Brazil* (1985), the wrong man is evil-clownishly seized by an assault team in the middle of his family dinner. The misidentification is eventually noticed, all right, but correcting it is far more hassle for the bureaucrats of *Brazil*'s dystopian future than allowing the preprogrammed mechanism of condemnation to unfold in all its hideously tragic and studiously ignored horror. *Brazil* envisions a future that's retrograde and retrofitted, unlike the starkly, efficiently controlled environments of *1984* or *THX 1138*. But Gilliam and his screenwriters, Tom Stoppard and Charles McKeown, have detected inhuman coercion in even the clumsiest and most inbred of bureaucratic mutations. The four *i*'s of anarchotyranny (Sam Francis's term)—inertia, implacability, indifference and incompetence—appear wherever overgrown power collides with disarmed individuals.

In 1985's *Blade Runner*, the identity of rogue "replicants" can only be ascertained with great difficulty, such brilliant simulacra of Man are they. In *The Net* (1995), Sandra Bullock's identity is electronically deleted, paralyzing her functioning in the world. In *Gattaca* (1997 again; the hump of the Clinton years seemed to spawn a rash of scare scenarios) and *Minority Report* (2002), a desirable or safe identity must be forged or bought.

From the identity crisis flows the problem of truth *versus* fantasy. Is a good dream preferable to a bad reality? If we can complete the circuit for virtual paradise, why not live there happily ever after? In *Vanilla Sky* (2001), the hero suspended in eternal idyllic dream-sleep makes the choice to rejoin the real world, come what may. In *The Matrix* (1999), it is taken for granted that reality, no matter how desperate,

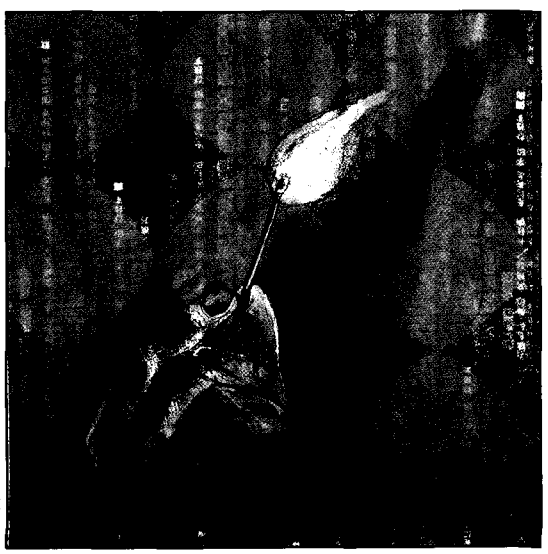
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is better than any computer simulation, no matter how pleasant. Such has always been the message of great fantasy literature: Fantasy without a powerful reality check is the stuff of nightmare.

What are some of the more practical drawbacks of going digital? What are we getting, at what price, and is that price one that is wise to pay?

If the new technologies did not offer something, they would not be so irresistibly attractive. For business, government, and individuals alike, the lure of faster/simpler/cheaper is so strong as to override doubt about any downside and to lull many into a state of denial. The situation is reminiscent of when calculators were introduced into the classroom. Mathematicians, scientists, and educators warned that students' computational ability would atrophy, rendering young minds less rigorous, logical, and spatially imaginative. Defenders scoffed at computation as "drill and kill" and argued that calculators would free students to do "higher" mathematics without the mental anguish. The result? Never have more kids taken more math courses and acquired less proficiency or comprehension; the "mental anguish," it turns out, was itself the math. Now, kids sit in class and play games programmed into their TI-83 graphing calculators. They are not supposed to, but the technology not only makes it impossible to prevent but virtually compels it.

Some of the first elaborate video games were designed for the military. The huge expense involved in training stimulated the development of simulation programs, as did the increasing sophistication of computerized weapons and transport systems. No less a motive was the finding, especially during and after World War II, that most troops remained loath to gun down their fellow man even in the hell of combat. How could they be rewired to fire upon the enemy? Enter the virtual-combat game.



Elizabeth Wolf

In "The War Room," (*Wired*, September 2004), Steve Silberman writes that "an unprecedented level of cooperation among the Pentagon, film and gaming companies, and Silicon Valley— . . . the military-entertainment complex" has created the Joint Fires and Effects Trainer System (JFETS), which is just as high-tech as it sounds, since Disney, Pixar, Industrial Light & Magic, Intel, and MIT engineers are literally calling the shots. Vivid 3-D simulations place the trainee *in medias res*: an Iraqi bazaar; a Korean farmstead; even a Martian landscape, each crawling with hostile "avatars" engaged in "conflict scenarios derived from interviews with senior officers who served in Bosnia or Afghanistan." The trainee gets the thrill ride of his life, to emerge bathed in the sweat of terror; but he has survived, and the glamor and glory of war in men's hearts depend on exactly that fusion of fear and providential luck.

The trainee emerges as well with his documented "kills," *sans* the traumatic stress. He has been playfully and skillfully desensitized. Concludes Silberman,

> On their days off, [trainees] pile into the multiplex to see blockbusters crafted by the same technicians of verisimilitude who will now train them how to save their buddies' lives while blowing the enemy out of the zip code. . . . These young warriors will live, play, fight, and die in the Matrix.

In 2002, the National Security Agency hired Eric Haseltine away from Disney's R&D division to become its own associate director of research. More recently, an entire town—aptly named Playas, New Mexico—was bought by the feds as a live-action counterinsurgency set.

Cockpit technology has now advanced to the point where, as a recent History Channel report put it, 90 percent of the "lag time" formerly spent by the pilot trying in his own mind to make sense of the situation—bogeys, friendlies, targets, flak, speed, altitude, and so forth—can be eliminated by digital systems. There will be virtually no response time left to worry about. The next step is already here, too: fully automated, "uninhabited" drones. One source interviewed for the History Channel report suggested nervously that it might not be smart to leave strategic bombing decisions to the rude mercy of systems that "lack the common sense of human decision-makers"; but those decisions are being left right there, right now.

When our youth were first being desensitized by virtual mayhem games, as were the Columbine killers and other school shooters, there was a public outcry. No more, it seems: The demands of the War on Terror make such squeamishness obsolete. Now, a game that trains you to assassinate JFK is on the market; let a thousand Oswalds bloom. The company that is marketing *JFK Reloaded* still feels the need to talk of "turning kids on to history" and "proving that Oswald could have acted alone," but its product is a sniper-training game for the purpose of . . . training snipers. What's next? *Texas Tower*, where you, as Charles Whitman, pick off as many targets as you can before the cops storm your position?

An even more problematic aspect of digitizing warfare is that our Armed Forces possess a lot of materiel that can explode impressively, but only after it has been targeted and delivered. War planners have begun to realize that electromagnetic pulses (EMP's) set off in the atmosphere to disrupt our computerized weapons and communication systems could prove even more deadly than missile strikes on the ground. For want of a nail, the kingdom was lost: The biggest bombs in the world are useless if the insubstantial blips controlling them go off-line.

Strangely, in view of the rush to digital war, national-security concerns prohibit phone companies from completely abandoning their land-line systems. These have functioned reliably for a hundred years—while, as one survivor of a recent "medium" hurricane reports, "Cable was out at the first big gust. Power was out for a week . . . Land line phone service *never* failed during or after the storm, unless you actually lost your home drop or the local street line."

In the poetic finale of an otherwise cheesy movie, *Escape From L.A.*, as the world and its codependent power grid are plunged into chaotic darkness around him, Kurt Russell strikes a physical match against a physical matchbook. Up flares the little fire, and he growls, "Welcome to the human race."

Marian Kester Coombs writes from Crofton, Maryland.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN EMPIRE

Woodrow Wilson and America's World Empire

by Joseph E. Fallon

Twenty-first century America is the creation of President Woodrow Wilson, who used the messianic ideology of American Exceptionalism (the belief that America is unique and morally superior to other countries) and the opportunity afforded by World War I to turn America into one of the first ideological empires of the 20th century.

To achieve this, Wilson discarded the last faded trappings of the Old Republic, which had been retained after Appomattox to preserve the illusion at home and abroad that the United States was still a constitutional government. In the process, he exposed the face of the American political system during the Progressive Era. It was still Tammany Hall—just run by a different gang of crooks and cranks posing as idealists and humanitarians.

Though a Democrat, this former president of Princeton University was a political disciple of two Republicans, Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. Like them, he suffered from a messianic complex. After his election in 1912, Wilson told the chairman of the Democratic Party that God, not the Democratic Party, had made him president. Motivated by this belief, Wilson used the opportunity the 1912 elections afforded him—the Democratic Party had also won control of both houses of Congress—to expand the twin empires of Lincoln and Roosevelt.

Abraham Lincoln had established the consolidated government that Wilson inherited in 1912—an internal empire of, by, and for Northern special interests. Constitutionalism had been supplanted by crony capitalism.

Theodore Roosevelt had used the powers of Lincoln's consolidated government to create an external empire of overseas colonies, protectorates, and military bases. He achieved this by engineering a war with Spain to acquire Cuba, Guam, the Philippines, and Puerto Rico; intervening in Colombia to obtain Panama; and enforcing the "Roosevelt Corollary" to the Monroe Doctrine, which declared America's intention to act as the "international police power" throughout the Western Hemisphere.

During the first two years of his administration (1912-14), Wilson concentrated on expanding the powers of Lincoln's internal empire. Unlike Lincoln, he accomplished this through legislation—not through war, invasion, and starvation. These bloodless victories were achieved because the South was politically powerless and the North, which dominated the federal government, had sold its states' sovereignties for federal patronage.

First, Wilson established an unprecedented right for the federal government to intervene directly in the private affairs of individual Americans in peacetime. This was achieved by a double-barrel assault on traditional constitutional principles. With the passage of the 16th Amendment, the income tax, one of Lincoln's original war measures, became permanent. At the same time, the tariff rate was dramatically slashed, from 40 to 26 percent, by the Underwood-Simmons Tariff Act, which eliminated this tax entirely on clothing, steel, sugar, and wool. These two political "reforms" enabled Wilson to expand the power of the internal empire by shifting the burden of financing the federal government from businesses to citizens and by providing federal authorities with the constitutional power to engage in extortion to enforce that shift.

Wilson expanded the role of the federal government in the economy. Like Lincoln, he recognized that the independence, primacy, and continued growth of the consolidated government depended on Washington controlling the financial system—currency and banking. Lincoln had "nationalized" the economy through the Legal Tender Act of 1862 and the National Banking Acts of 1863 and 1864. Wilson expanded the nationalization of the economy by establishing the Federal Reserve System and the Federal Trade Commission.

Wilson eliminated a potential source of political opposition to his policies, at home and abroad, with the passage of the 17th Amendment, which mandated the direct election of U.S. senators. State legislatures were thereby stripped of one of their most important means of exercising control over the federal government: the right to elect the men who would represent their states in Washington. That would now be effectively decided by the power and the purse of the federal government and the national political parties. This abolished the last facet of federalism and relegated the states to mere appendages of Washington.

In 1914, Wilson turned his attention to expanding Roosevelt's external empire. When he announced the objective of his foreign policy, he revealed his megalomania:

> It is America's duty and privilege to stand shoulder to shoulder to lift the burdens of mankind in the future and show the path of freedom to all the world. America is henceforth to stand for the assertion of the right of one nation to serve the other nations of the world.

Wilson, like Lincoln and Roosevelt, utilized the rhetoric of humanitarianism to mask his imperial power grabs. Earlier, he had noted with approval the symbiotic relationship between foreign policy and American business:

> Since trade ignores national boundaries and the manufacturer insists on having the world as a market, the flag of his nation must follow him, and the doors of the nations which are closed against him must be battered down. Concessions obtained by financiers must be safeguarded by ministers of state, even if the sovereignty of unwilling nations be outraged in the process. Colonies must be obtained or planted, in order that no useful corner of the world may be overlooked or left unused.

Despite supporting such "anti-business" legislation as the Sherman Antitrust Act, the Clayton Antitrust Act, the Keating-Owen Child Labor Act, the Adamson Act, and the Workingmen's Compensation Act, Wilson actually favored big businesses—as long as they were "supervised" by the federal government. Supervision included deploying the American military to advance the commercial interests of American businesses overseas.

By 1914, those businesses—particularly the banking, sugar, and oil industries—had invested $336 million in Cuba and the West Indies, $93 million in Central America, and over $1 billion in Mexico. To protect these investments, Wilson launched a series of military interventions in the Caribbean and Latin America—Mexico (1914 and 1916), Nicaragua (1914), Haiti (1915), the Dominican

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Republic (1916), Cuba (1917), Panama (1918), Costa Rica (1919), Honduras (1919), and Guatemala (1920).

With the exception of Mexico (which by 1916, was a country in name only), Wilson established *de facto* protectorates over the rest. He called these military interventions and occupations by the Orwellian term "moral diplomacy."

However, Maj. Gen. Smedley Darlington Butler, USMC, a recipient of two Congressional Medals of Honor, had another name for it—a "racket." In a 1933 speech, General Butler, who served in the Marines Corps from 1898 to 1931 and authored *War Is a Racket*, an exposé of profiteering during World War I, said this of Wilson's interventions:

> I helped make Mexico, especially Tampico, safe for American oil interests in 1914. I helped make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys to collect revenues in. I helped in the raping of half a dozen Central American republics for the benefits of Wall Street . . . I brought light to the Dominican Republic for American sugar interests in 1916 . . .

It was World War I, however, that provided Wilson with the opportunity to transcend the achievements of Lincoln and Roosevelt by establishing the foundation for the American Empire of today. After all, if America could exert enough financial, martial, and political power on Europe, she could dominate Europe and, thereby, dominate much of the world.

American Exceptionalism, which had been invoked by Lincoln and Roosevelt, furnished the necessary ideology. However, both men lacked the means to elevate the American empire of 1865-1912 to the position of a rival, let alone successor, to the European powers.

World War I supplied Wilson with the means. The Allies became dependent upon the United States for ammunition, food, and financing. By 1917, they owed the United States $12 billion. For the first time, America was a creditor nation and exercised a significant degree of financial power over debtor governments. As America became wealthier at the expense of her imperial rivals, the financial basis for the American Empire was created.

The war soon bogged down into a stalemate. Both sides were being bled to death—physically, emotionally, and economically. As the Allies became militarily weaker, the United States became correspondingly stronger. By 1917, the Allies needed American military intervention if they were to win. Intervention allowed Wilson to raise an army of four million. Despite the radical reduction in the size of the military after the war, the precedent had been set for future mobilizations and the maintenance of a large standing army.

Wilson's intervention not only ensured an Allied victory but meant that, for the first time, the United States would exert political influence in postwar negotiations that would determine the fate of Europe.

As Wilson was projecting Washington's power overseas, he was simultaneously consolidating it at home. The champion of Progressivism instituted a police state. He established the Committee of Public Information, which issued pro-war propaganda and promoted hatred of German people and their culture, resulting in the internment of German-Americans and the ridiculous renaming of sauerkraut as "liberty cabbage."

To eliminate public opposition to his policies, Wilson effectively abolished the First Amendment. The Espionage Act of 1917 legalized government censorship, while the Sedition Act of 1918 criminalized speech critical of Wilson or of American involvement in the war.

To pay for the police state at home and the war abroad, the War Revenue Act was passed in 1917. Citizens became indentured servants of the federal government, as the highest tax bracket jumped to 67 percent the first year and 77 percent the next.

Wilson also made himself *de facto* head of the entire U.S. war machine with the Overman Act of 1918, which established the precedent for the imperial presidency and its unconstitutional usurpation of war powers.

Wilson created his empire in the name of "democracy." But a "democratic empire" is an oxymoron. History shows that the quest for empire under any pretext is ultimately self-destructive. Athens also created an empire in the name of democracy. Her fate was described by Plutarch. In the end, Athens

> fought all her battles against and to enslave herself. She erected all her trophies to her own shame and misery and was brought to ruin and desolation almost wholly by the guilt and ambition of her great men.

The fate of Athens should be a lesson for America.

Joseph E. Fallon writes from Rye, New York.

TYRANNY

Anarcho-Tyranny, Rockford Style

by Thomas Fleming

Like many idyllic towns in Middle America, Rockford is rife with political corruption, rotten with vice and immorality, and beset by criminal gangs who control an ever-growing drug industry and, in a good year, put Rockford ahead of Chicago in the number of murders *per capita*. Residents with long memories also remember articles in *Life* and the daily *Rockford Register Star* (1984) that celebrated Rockford as a leading center of Mafia activity in the United States. They even named names.

As Jeff Havens of the weekly *Rock River Times* has shown, the mob never went away, and the deliberate negligence of the Rockford city fathers may be costing taxpayers hundreds of thousands of dollars in payment for waste disposal. The usual story of no-bid contracts for companies that contribute to campaign war chests is made even richer by the fact that one of the companies is descended from a firm once owned by an identified mob boss.

So, in such a town, it was a relief to see on the evening news that someone is finally cracking down on the mounting crime wave. A joint investigation of federal, state, and local authorities has succeeded, after two years of tough law-enforcement work, in shutting down seven massage parlors probably involved in prostitution. The ghosts of Wyatt Earp and J. Edgar Hoover are probably writhing in envy.

Before getting on to my main point, which is the hypocrisy of an amoral state cracking down on vice, there is another irony worth mentioning. All of the unfortunate women being charged are illegal Korean or Chinese immigrants, who *may* be deported. In two years, any one of the crusading cops could have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shut this operation down simply by enforcing U.S. immigration laws, but that would have been too easy. The city could have zoned them out of business, but that would have meant taking a moral stand on something, and, in a county where the Republicans are crying out for a casino to counter the loss of industrial jobs, vice is not a problem so much as a source of tax revenue. In fact, two important "adult" parlors were grandfathered in, to exempt them from zoning restrictions, while a loophole allowed others to continue operating so long as a qualified masseuse was on staff.

I do not much blame the girls. Until you have been really poor, you will not understand the lengths to which human beings can be driven by poverty. As illegal aliens who were actually living in the massage parlors, they seem more like sex slaves than call girls. I reserve my censure for the men who make their living off these women and the big, bold chiefs and federal agents who give interviews, gloating over their great triumph over crime.

A good cop could have walked into any of these parlors and shut them down either by asking for ID's or by soliciting sex. Rockford is notorious for sex. The police allowed an antiques strip to die because they refused to shut down the prostitutes and dope dealers who drove away business, and, between the massage parlors and the lingerie shops with "private modeling available," Rockford is a magnet for the pathetic losers who have to buy sex in a society where it is being given away on government grants. I spent 30 seconds on the internet and found a website with the following statement that tells you what you need to know about local law enforcement's war on vice:

> All in all, the Rockford/Belvidere area seems to have a very good attitude with respect to these businesses. I have heard of no crackdowns, or problems relating to any of them . . . When I travel to other cities, I am generally disappointed in what they have to offer, compared to the businesses in Rockford/Belvidere.

Why is prostitution a crime? Selling sexual favors was a legal activity in pre-Christian Europe. Why is it illegal in post-Christian America? Even Christian societies have often chosen to regulate rather than to criminalize prostitution, and post-Christian Nevada has taken that sensible route.

Many Christian (especially Protestant) countries did enforce laws against sexual misconduct, but adultery and fornication were taken far more seriously than prostitution. Adultery, to take the more serious example, undermines marriage, destroys a family, and may, if a wife has been unfaithful, drive a wedge between a father and the children he fears he has not sired. Fornication between two unmarried adults may nonetheless corrupt the character of people who will someday be a father and a mother, and, in the case of a college professor who sleeps with an 18-year-old student, disparity in age or rank should be grounds for regarding the professor as a rapist.

Professors who prey upon girls are not sent to jail, however; they do not even lose their jobs. And it has been a long time since the feds teamed up with state and local police to crack down on open marriages or "desperate housewives." Americans as a whole, if we can judge from their favorite movies and TV shows, think adultery is cute or, at the worst, a source of amusing embarrassment if the cheaters are caught. It is the cuckold we despise, not the adulteress.

Sex outside of marriage is celebrated as a positive good. Then how does paying for nonmarital sex make it criminal? I'd like someone to give me some good examples of activities that are legal only so long as no one is paid for doing them. Of course, I can drink and even make wine at home and only violate the law if I start selling it to the neighbors, but that is because the sale of alcoholic beverages is taxed and regulated. Following that model, Winnebago County might impose health and safety inspections on brothels, draw up sets of zoning requirements and age limits for prostitutes and their clients, charge licensing fees and business taxes, and demand that they collect a sales tax or even a special luxury tax from the customers. But, if immoral sex is not illegal *per se*, then it cannot be illegal *per se* to sell it.

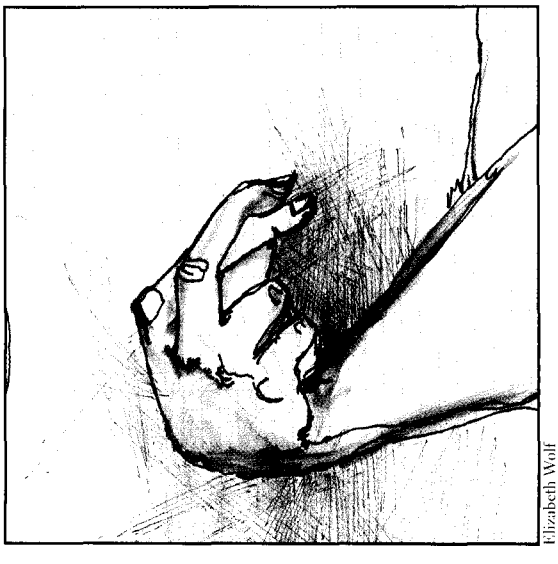
So I repeat my question: Why is prostitution a crime, and even if it is, why should the police not treat the sale of illegal sex with the same benign neglect with which they approach sodomy or, for that matter, illegal immigration? Do they simply enjoy throwing their ample weight around to intimidate women—not a possibility to be discounted—or is this another case of what Samuel T. Francis has termed anarcho-tyranny?

Under our legal regime of anarcho-tyranny, the same legal system that refuses to do anything about violent gangs of illegal immigrants will throw the book at speeders, smokers, and scofflaws who forget to buckle up or who consume two beers on their way home. "Drive Hammered, Get Nailed" is the offensive and threatening billboard I see every day on the way to work. Drunk drivers are a menace, but they are by no means as dangerous to our liberty and well-being as an out-of-control government that demonizes honest citizens who make mistakes and boasts of its ability to inflict punishment. Tune in to *Cops* some time, as I have done in motel rooms, and you will get a glimpse of strutting bullies who humiliate the poor for the pettiest infractions.

Politicians and the bureaucrats they employ, not prostitutes, are our main problem. Perhaps the "whore with a heart of gold" is a myth, but it would be easier to find a heart of gold in the Tokyo Massage Parlor than among the summons-serving, gun-toting prostitutes who make decent Americans fear for their lives.

In the interest of full disclosure, I should say that I think most American cops are simply doing a tough job according to rules they did not make. I have never been to a brothel, picked up a prostitute, or visited a massage parlor even for a massage, though, at the age of 20, I did buy drinks for a b-girl I felt sorry for: She was saving money to fix the teeth her abusive boyfriend had rearranged.

Thomas Fleming is president of The Rockford Institute, editor of Chronicles, *and the author, most recently, of* The Morality of Everyday Life *(University of Missouri Press).*

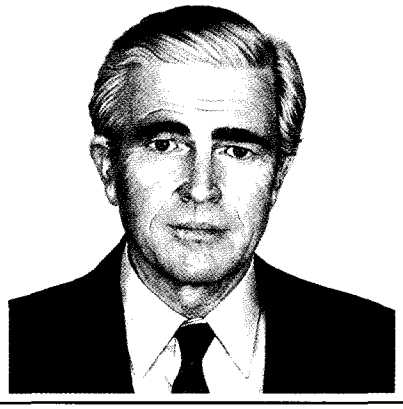


Elizabeth Wolf

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by George McCartney

Exterminate the Brutes



Hotel Rwanda

Produced and distributed by United Artists
Directed by Terry George
Screenplay by Keir Pearson and Terry George

Hotel Rwanda is a must-see for President Bush and his administration. It might make them rethink their oft-repeated assurance that democracy is an unqualified good to be encouraged among all peoples everywhere.

From the day Belgium yielded her colonial rule over Rwanda in 1962 and the African nation was declared an independent democracy, murderous factionalism became commonplace. The tiny country's principal tribal peoples, the Hutu and the Tutsi, had lived together more or less amicably since the 15th century. Once democracy was declared, however, they were at each other's throats time and again. In 1994, the unrest exploded into mass murder of proportions bound to impress even the most hardened witnesses to the 20th-century's various human slaughterhouses. The bloodletting began when the Rwandan president, a Hutu, and his Burundian counterpart, also Hutu, died in a plane crash of undetermined cause. The Hutu generals instantly charged the Tutsi with assassination. Then, in a campaign too well orchestrated to be spontaneous, they unleashed a genocidal furor, calling upon all their tribe members to do their duty and exterminate the Tutsi. They called the operation "clearing the bush."

While the rest of the world looked on, Hutu militias—actually, packs of street thugs assisted by ordinary citizens—killed somewhere between 500,000 and 800,000 Tutsi within a period of three months. France had thoughtfully supplied the Hutu with guns, grenades, mortars, and—the weapon of choice—97-cent Chinese machetes. During the carnage, hacked bodies littered the streets, attracting hungry dogs. This gave the otherwise impotent U.N. troops on the ground their one opportunity to take action. Having been specifically forbidden to move against the Hutu murderers by Kofi Annan, they felt free to shoot the dogs they found devouring human flesh. But even this meager act of mercy provoked controversy. An English woman, apparently stepping from the pages of one of Evelyn Waugh's African novels, complained bitterly of the soldiers' inhumane action.

In *Hotel Rwanda*, director Terry George locates the cause of this madness in European racism, which he also indicts for the West's failure to intervene. He is partially correct, but the whole truth is much more complex. In 1994, the Hutu tribe made up 85 percent of the population; the Tutsi, 14 percent; and a Pygmy tribe, the remaining one percent. In Hutu eyes, the Tutsi were their traditional oppressors and had to be eradicated. At least, this is what the ordinary Hutu citizen was being told by radio Hutu Power, whose announcers urged them to "crush the cock-a-roaches" in their midst.

How did these Africans become so rabidly racist? By way of explanation, George includes a scene in which an American reporter asks why the Hutu hate the Tutsi. He is told that, from the time they first entered the country's affairs in 1915, the Belgians had favored the Tutsi, giving them administrative positions in government and business almost to the entire exclusion of the Hutu. Why? Compared with the Hutu, the Tutsi tend to look more European. They are taller and have thinner noses and lighter skin. Nineteenth-century European explorers theorized that they had descended from superior racial stock, perhaps emigrating from Ethiopia. This favoritism left the Hutu deeply aggrieved. As analyses go, this seems plausible—until you learn that it is less than half the story.

By most reliable accounts, the Tutsi arrived in Rwanda some time in the 14th or 15th century, long before the advent of European colonialism. As nomadic herdsmen and disciplined warriors, the Tutsi were able to subjugate the indigenous Hutu, who were small farmers living peacefully on the lush Rwandan hills. Once settled, the Tutsi developed a loosely administered kingdom that resembled European feudalism: They were the lords; the Hutu, their vassals and serfs. The arrangement proved beneficial to both parties. The Hutu farming culture allowed the Tutsi to give up their nomadic life and settle in the fertile country to raise their cattle. In return, the Hutu gained protection from other invaders and access to Tutsi cattle.

This explains the Belgians' favoritism. The Tutsi appeared to be natural leaders not just because they had more European-looking features than the Hutu but because they had long ago established themselves as Rwanda's ruling class. The Belgians merely collaborated with the already existing hierarchical division of the people to run the country. This policy did not lead to the genocide of 1994. No, that was fomented by the introduction of European-style democracy. However it may abrade today's sensitivities, the evidence suggests that it was European notions about human rights that finally ignited the tribal hatred.

Having privileged the Tutsi since the beginning of the century, the Belgians changed course in the 1950's when the United Nations began to exert pressure to liberate colonies around the world. The Tutsi liked what they heard and argued that it was time for the Belgians to relinquish power. The Belgians countered by transferring governance to the Hutu, installing their handpicked Hutu president. In order to ensure that this exchange of power went smoothly, the Belgians tried to instill the Hutu with the self-esteem necessary to rule effectively. Whereas before, the Hutu had accepted their secondary place in Rwandan society, they were now told there was no difference between them and the Tutsi and never had been. The unforeseen consequence of this policy was to foster a retroactive resentment in many Hutu. In earlier times, Tutsi superiority was accepted as normal. Now, it was portrayed as an inexcusable breach of democratic prin-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ciples. The fuse was lit.

This development was especially ironic since the differences between Hutu and Tutsi had been blurred through the centuries. From the time of their settlement in Rwanda, the Tutsi had lived among the Hutu, and the tribes frequently intermarried. While the random play of genetics produces purer types of each group now and again, dividing the population along tribal lines had long been a guessing game. This changed, however, when the new government demanded that all citizens carry ethnic-identity cards. These ID cards, not physical traits, sealed the fate of many a Tutsi during the massacres. George has chosen to leave out these complications. Whether this is to simplify his story or to stoke a political agenda, I cannot say. He is an Irishman who has made two films about the insane Protestant-Catholic troubles in his country, so it seems safe to conclude that he saw a parallel in the suffering in Rwanda.

He seems to have designed his film to shame the West into taking a more interventionist role in the conflicts of other nations. This is a noble intention, but we know where such intentions can lead. Think Somalia in 1992.

To tell his story, George has focused on the experiences of a real Rwandan family during the massacres. Paul Rusesabagina (Don Cheadle), a Hutu, was the manager of the Belgian-owned luxury Hotel Des Milles Collines in Kigali, living with his Tutsi wife and three children in moderate affluence nearby. No one would have taken Rusesabagina for a hero before the violent outbreak, but, in the event, he proved to have the mettle to save his family and nearly 1,300 other lives, both Tutsi and Hutu, by standing up to rabid Hutu militants and the official military that were acting as their obliging accomplices. He did so with the only weapons he had: his hospitality training and his native wit.

Rusesabagina, an ordinary man with reserves of extraordinary decency, had learned the ways of the world in his job. In the years preceding the Hutu attack and the civil war that followed, he had become a fixer well schooled in fending off any possible turbulence that might ruffle his upscale clientele. He knew just how to flatter and to bribe local officials. Like the best mollifiers, he also became a subtle psychologist.

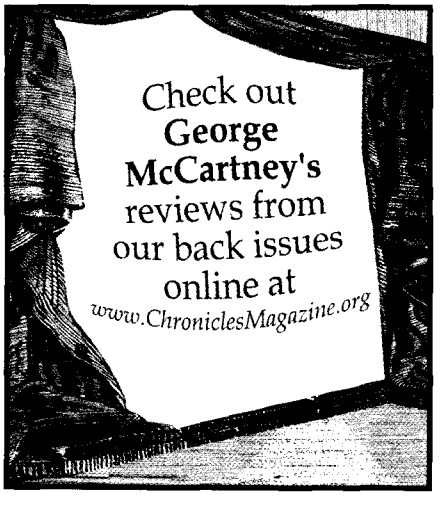
Early in the film, we see Rusesabagina explaining to his assistant why a monetary bribe is useless with a wealthy man. "If I give him money, what does it mean? He already has money. But if I give him a Cohiba Cuban cigar, that is style." He knows how to exploit the vanity of "great" men, and he does so in his own style. Wearing a blue suit, white shirt, and apricot tie, he is every inch the Europeanized African. The bullying Rwandan generals who barge into his establishment for free meals and drinks may not respect him, but they genuinely like him, for he makes them feel just as important as they imagine themselves to be. The Belgians also admire Rusesabagina's efficiency and good humor. He is unfailingly deferential, willing to please one and all. He knows what is good for business.

It was this seemingly sycophantic competence that Rusesabagina skillfully used to handle drunken, power-mad soldiers when they came to his hotel time and again, searching for Tutsi to murder. When an irate Rwandan colonel bursts into his bedroom with three rifle-toting soldiers one morning and presses an automatic into his cheek, he instinctively knows he must not quail. He rises slowly from the bed he shares with his wife, careful to adopt a conciliatory yet firm tone. He addresses the man reasonably as though they were having a polite conversation. When the colonel demands the guest list be produced instantly, Rusesabagina calmly points out that he has not showered yet. "Please, sir, I need thirty minutes. Take your men down to the courtyard, and I will send them some beer." Not so incredibly, the armed men do as they are bidden. Rusesabagina somehow infuses his professional solicitude with an air of command so the soldiers do not sense how they are being manipulated. Then, once he has them guzzling beer, he uses his 30 minutes to call the hotel's chief executive in Brussels, who contacts the Rwandan army's high command. Within the half-hour, the dogs are called off. This is just one of several interventions Rusesabagina was able to manage with a truly admirable aplomb. Again and again, he faces men with guns, ready to kill, and gets them to back off, using nothing more lethal than his wits.

Some of the film's best scenes are those in which Rusesabagina and his wife, Tatiana (Sophie Okonedo), are alone discussing their options. The actors show us how their unswerving commitment to each other and their children gives them the strength they need to meet the surrounding terror with courage and resourcefulness. Rusesabagina holds nothing back from Tatiana as he plots to outwit the killers who keep making inroads onto the hotel grounds. While others panic, he maintains his emotional balance, knowing that it is all he has to save himself and his family and the refugees he has brought into his hotel.

Rusesabagina only loses his nerve once. When French troops show up to evacuate the hotel guests, they refuse to take any Africans. Rushed onto a waiting bus, the whites look forlornly from the windows at their African friends and acquaintances, not knowing what to do. A white priest and several nuns plead with the French to take Rwandan children from their orphanage, but to no avail. In disgust, Rusesabagina tells the priest that "these men are not here to help us, Father." Cheadle delivers this simple statement of fact with masterful understatement, making it unbearably poignant. Later, he secludes himself in the hotel pantry and, in a rage, pulls off his tie and rips off his shirt, disowning his European trappings. "They told me I was one of them, and I swallowed it," he screams. "I have no history, no memory!" This, George urges, is the position of colonized people of good will around the world. Led to believe that they have entered into a mutually constructive alliance with the First World, they all too frequently find themselves ignored when they become inconvenient.

Despite tendentious recasting of some historical aspects of the Rwandan crisis, *Hotel Rwanda* is an important and profoundly moving film with superb performances by all and an utterly magisterial one from Cheadle. I hope the Great Democratizer will screen it in the White House theater. -c



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Art, Democracy, Empire

Wise men have always understood the destructive effect affluence and power have on societies, even though the unwise (modern liberals, mostly), by railing against them, have succeeded in acquiring both.

Their effect is especially pervasive and pernicious in respect of empires, as Clyde Wilson has cogently noted. The American empire, at the opening of the 21st century, might be offered as Exhibit A. In the political sphere, corruption is engendered by the magnitude of the stakes contended for; in the economic realm, greed is stimulated by imperial *richesse* unprecedented in the history of the world. Wilson reminds us (in *From Union to Empire*), however, that imperialism is always much more than a political and balance-of-trade phenomenon.

> The abandonment of responsibility to remote and abstract power is simultaneous with the decay of will and identity in nonpolitical institutions. . . . We no longer judge by result and results no longer depend upon will and effort. In more and more areas of life success depends upon political manipulation, luck, and advantage. Cunning and bluster, the hallmarks of politics, become more important than accomplishment in more and more areas of life, as these are increasingly politicized.

At the beginning of the 21st century, no area of American life is more politicized than the arts, for the very good reason that artistic success in the fabulously wealthy, and wholly secularized, society of today entails the salary of a business tycoon, the glamour of a film star, and the priestly aura of a demigod. In the arts, as in presidential politics, the world itself seems up for grabs in a winner-take-all contest. And so, in the arts as in politics, political manipulation, cunning, and bluster separate a very few—mostly untalented—winners from the great mass of losers, a good many of whom actually have talent, and few real genius.

In the ancient world, performing artists, while admired for their skill, were considered by the upper class to be socially inferior creatures, having dedicated their lives to a talent that, however pleasurable to behold, was nevertheless unworthy of a lifetime's devotion. In the medieval world, practitioners of the plastic and building arts were regarded, by themselves as by others, as essentially artisans, or skilled craftsmen. Beginning in the early-modern period, and as late as the middle of the 19th century, the greatest geniuses, those in music particularly, were either employed by the churches (Palestrina, J.S. Bach), artistic institutions (Mozart), or princely courts (Haydn, Beethoven, Richard Wagner). Those painters lucky enough to secure commissions from admirers and patrons made out financially on an on-again-off-again basis; those less lucky were left to their own devices or to starve in a garret. The latter was usually the fate of most authors (men of letters being notoriously against the government and the prevailing establishment), for example, Cervantes; a notable exception is Voltaire, who was royal historiographer to Louis XV and later the pampered pet of Frederick the Great.

Every artist, of course, has always hoped for success: fame, money, the love of beautiful women, earthly immortality. A tiny majority has achieved all of these things, while the rest—sometimes deservedly, sometimes not—have gone begging or been forced to demote their vocation to an avocation. For the minority and the majority alike, assuming they were true and deserving artists, the artistic ideal was a noble thing; the pursuit of it, heroic; its approximation in the form of an actualized work of art, an act of grateful humility rather than a vaunting show of self-glorification. Until the beginning of the last century, and even for some time after that, the test of the genuine artist was his unshakable belief in himself and his talent, his steadfast and unswerving determination to carry on with his life's work through thick or thin—failure, as the world knows it, or success. That, however, was when the word *artist* still signified somebody who *made* something, as opposed to someone who *was* something, suggesting a vocation rather than a social position; before mass education and mass culture, the mass media, the publicity industry, and the fatal reconceptualization of art—including by many otherwise true and conscientious artists themselves—as the subjective exploration, expression, and celebration of the persona of the artist replaced the classic understanding of art as an objective discipline centered on an act of the practical intellect. So it has been reserved, in the postbourgeois, postmodern era, to bourgeois philistinsim to subvert and all but destroy high art. George F. Babbitt had nothing to do with it. Pushy narcissists playing at being artists in their Hollywood-perfect designer "studios" from New York to Los Angeles probably had the most. For the rest, we have the National Endowment for the Arts—in every respect a highly politicized institution—and its prodigious spawn to blame. The problem is a double one, comprising two apparently paradoxical elements. The first is the amateurization of art. The second is its professionalization. Between them, these developments have managed not quite to strangle but certainly to exclude genuine artistic endeavor—or its fruits, anyway—almost entirely from the public view.

In earlier times, the amateur artist was, for the most part, content to be just that. Today, he is better described by the colloquial term *wannabe*. The difference between them is that the amateur is content to practice his art as an avocation, in his spare time and in an essentially private capacity, for his own satisfaction and the delectation of a few friends. The wannabe, by comparison, is ambitious for recognition as a public artist of genius and divine seer, commanding a mass audience and an income commensurate with it. (Nothing less than the shouts accorded Dostoyevsky by the Russian crowds—"Hero! Genius! Saint!"—could ever satisfy him

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

completely.) For the wannabe, the work is incidental to both the reputation and the reward, flimsy in the degree to which he can expend as little effort as possible to pawn it off on today's gullible, unsophisticated crowds, eager to celebrate the latest genius—and to be observed celebrating him, too.

Far more often than not, of course, he never succeeds in realizing more than a small fraction of his ambition. But it is enough—and there are enough of him—to drive out real art and real artists, according to a literary version of Gresham's Law. And this is the case especially when to his efforts are added those of another wannabe type, what Mencken called the "self-bamboozled artist"—more principled in his way and more sincere, from his deluded sense of himself as an underappreciated genius devoted to the cultivation of an aesthetic whose recondite and supersophisticated nature restricts it to the reach of a coterie art, with which he professes himself satisfied. Taken together, the mass wannabes and the coterie wannabes have pretty much corralled the resources of (for instance) the literary publishing business—commercial, academic, and small press alike—by convincing them that they are not wannabes at all but the genuine article.

Today's publishers and editors take their cue from semiliterate in-house readers, the recommendations of go-along-to-get-along, you-plug-my-book-and-I'll-plug-yours types from the organized and aggressive creative-writing cells in university English departments, and their own lazy and timid marketing and promotion departments, always more than satisfied to stick with copycat publishing ("We're looking for the next John Grisham!"), the tried-and-true ("novels about young, disillusioned urban sophisticates always sell"), and the line of least resistance ("Some readers wouldn't understand"; "Certain people would be offended"). Finally, in respect of "literary" and "first" fiction, editors are consumed by the desire to sign a book that will gain critical attention more than popular acclaim, win a professional award—usually with results similar to the National Book Award committee's selection in 2004 of five postmodernist novels, largely indistinguishable from one another and all but one of them written by women, as runners-up for the fiction prize: an act of egregious literary fatuity that moved even the *New York Times* to protest.

Of course, the deformation of literature by the aggressive amateur, the overencouraged artist, and coterie art is nothing new in the world, differing only in degree from earlier times. A newer, more corruptive, and vastly more dangerous development is the professionalization of literature and of the arts in general. Professionalization equals organization, meaning politicization: not (necessarily) in the ideological sense of the word but in terms of the never-ending battle to promote and publicize one's work and oneself, one's friends and *their* work—*always, if possible, at the expense of other people and other work*, usually by ensuring that the "competition" is ignored but also by seeing to it that such publicity as it does receive is of the hostile, or merely negative, sort. Whether or not zero-sum theory applies to economics, modern artists—and their underwriters and promoters—are clearly convinced that it accurately describes the art business, where the competition today is as cutthroat as it is in corporate warfare or electoral politics. Under the imperial system, trade follows the flag—the trades of novel-writing, poetry, and music as much as the manufacturing and commodities industry. Why should it not, the arts having become—potentially, at least, at their humblest level, and always in the upper commercial reaches—an industry itself in which, as in every other worldly enterprise, success is determined less by talent, taste, refinement, an appropriate dignity, and the seclusion and detachment necessary to the peace and silence required for serious artistic work, and more—much more—by the powerfully vulgar formula "balls and bull"?

In a totally industrialized society, art must inevitably be industrialized as well—as Donald Davidson argued in the 1920's. Yet industrialization seems not to be the whole explanation for the phenomenon we experience today. It is, rather, the old, old story of destroying a good thing by overvaluing it—and the newer one of devaluing that thing, first by making it appear desirable to the mass of men, and then by rendering it accessible to the mass. Democracy, John Lukacs has noted, is inflationary. Lukacs is entirely right about that; but imperialism is more inflationary still, as Clyde Wilson understands. Finally, add the modern democratic ideal of the paramount importance of the individual to the imperial attribute of hubris, and you get what Quentin Anderson, the American literary historian, called "the imperial self"—a construct he traced, in a book of the same name, to that period in American letters coinciding with the fetish of rugged individualism *and* the rise of American empire in the late 19th century. In contemporary terms, it is a matter of the "me generation," coincident with the affluent society, that has provided nearly everyone so inclined with the leisure to devote to "art," the vanity that permits him to believe he is capable of producing something recognizable as artistic work, and the "death of God" atheology that urges him to aspire to the priestly role of the artist, along with the glamorous one of the celebrity. Attempt to divinize what is not in itself holy, and you will begin by trivializing, and end by marginalizing, it.

As for the type of politicization that is driven by ideological rather than by commercial competition, this is assuredly not a postmodern phenomenon, though it has certainly progressed over the last several centuries as the West and its culture have become sclerotic with age. Whether the case can be made for it, too, being at once a sign and a fruit of the imperial syndrome is an interesting question. My guess is that it can, for the reason that empire, which is aggregation abroad, amounts to diversity at home, while diversity is the foremost cause of the cultural fragmentation that is the most obvious aspect of America's artistic wasteland. Four generations ago, anyone interested in contemporary American literature could be presumed to have read the novels of Hemingway, Faulkner, and Fitzgerald. Nowadays, there are readers—I would guess a fair number of them—who conscientiously refuse to read *A Farewell to Arms* on the ground that Catherine Barkley is not a feminist's female; *The Sound and the Fury*, because Dilsey restrains herself from murdering the Compson family in their beds overnight; and *The Great Gatsby*, for the reason that, for politically correct people, the old WASP establishment is unworthy of their time, their attention, or their recognition. Could this state of affairs, too, have some connection with the new imperial America? Of course, imperial eras have historically been periods of artistic decadence, succeeding socially and politically simpler Golden Ages. Alternatively, it is conceivable that the mental and moral corruption required to justify, defend, and promote the transformation of American society over the past half-century has had the effect of rendering the national intelligence mentally negligible (as Reginald Jeeves would say).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Best Revenge

by Thomas Fleming

Rome Revisited

"What is the theme of your conference?" asked a potential traveler to Rome.

"How republics perish," I replied.

"Don't you mean democracies?" he persisted, referring to the title of a good but far-from-profound book by Jean-François Revel. I congratulated him on getting the point of the title of our second Rome Convivium. After all, I explained, democracies always perish—and rather quickly, if we can judge from the histories of fifth-century Athens and Jacobin France—passing through the stages of constitutional order, mob rule, demagogic dictatorship, and autocracy, though not necessarily in the same sequence.

Democracies are a bit like a homicidal unicorn: They do not exist, and that is a good thing. Republics are something different. They come in many different types, from the aristocratic (Venice) to the comparatively popular (America before 1860), but they are all based on law and tradition. The ancient Romans lost the essence of their republic in gaining an empire long before Julius Caesar seized power, but they also preserved much of their republican legacy in the "principate"—that is, the early empire. Much of the credit goes to Augustus and his collaborators, who worked hard to rebuild the moral and religious foundations on which Roman greatness was based. Americans, as our country hardens slowly into empire, could learn a lesson or two from the Romans, and where better to learn it than in Rome?

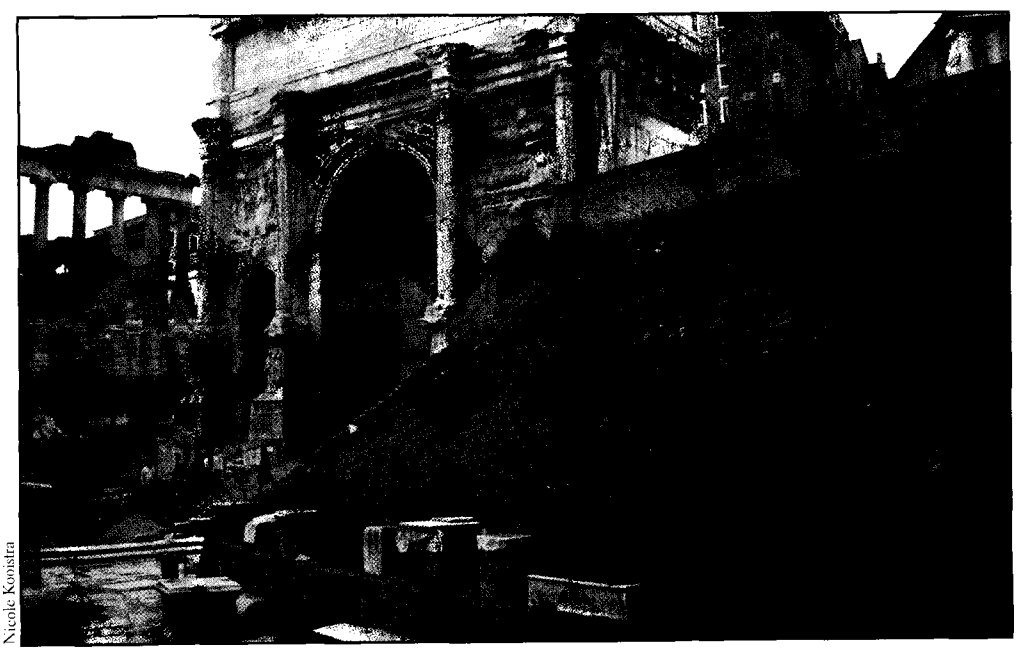
Each time I go to Rome, I learn many new things about the ancient and medieval city. This time, I wanted to orient myself in republican Rome. I spent hours reading Platner and Ashby's old *Topography* (available at the LacusCurtius website), as I waited for Lawrence Richardson's magisterial *Topographical Dictionary* to arrive. It proved to be so good that I lugged the massive volume all the way to Italy and back. Professor Richardson would not remember me from Adam, but I attended several of his famous parties when my wife was taking archeology courses with him at Duke.

To give our travelers a feel for how the ancient city matches up with the modern, I also lugged along my laptop and prepared the first audiovisual presentations at a convivium. It began as the usual technophobe's comedy of errors, since I had lumped the files for different lectures together, which made it impossible for my assistant Nicole to follow in sequence. I had worked like a dog on what proved to be the worst lecture I have ever delivered. We fixed the problems that night, and the rest of the presentations came off almost perfectly. To orient the group, I took a plan of ancient Rome and marked out well-known sites from the train station to the Piazza Navona to the Vatican. It was easy to show the location of our hotel, right behind Vespasian's Temple of Peace (erected after the conquest of Judea) and looking out across some ruins of the Augustan Forum to the Forum Romanum.

The Forum Hotel was even better than I remembered. The staff were very helpful, and, as better rooms became available, they generously upgraded several of us into lovely accommodations with views of the ancient city. At every breakfast at the Forum Hotel, we could look out to the Forum and the Palatine Hill. The weather in early January was warm enough some mornings that people could sit outside, and I do not think I put on my trench coat even once.

We were able to walk virtually everywhere—even up to the Museo Nazionale in the Baths of Diocletian, a superb collection of ancient sculptures and mosaics not far from the train station and surprisingly neglected. The museum is a large complex of several buildings, and, naturally, Chris Check took the metro travelers to one entrance, and I took the walkers to another.

That was about the biggest snarl of the whole trip. We even managed to coordinate the trip to Ostia Antica without a hitch. I have visited many ancient sites in Italy, including Pompeii, but I was very impressed with Ostia. It is less grisly than Pompeii, and more of the mosaics and sculptures have been left, either in their original buildings or put into the museum on the grounds. It is also a wonderful place to walk around when the temperature is 60 and you have the place to yourself. There is really no better time to be in Rome than the weeks between Epiphany and St. Joseph's Day (though that may be pushing it a bit late). At lunch, we had Cipriani's, a wonderful restaurant in Ostia, all to ourselves, and, though a few of our guests were surprised to get an antipasto consisting of a few beans, they were



Nicole Kooistra

The Triumphal Arch of Septimius Severus in the Roman Forum.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even more surprised to discover that the antipasto was six separate courses of Roman country specialties, before going on to *tagliatelle all'amatriciana, bacalà, scallopine*, and on and on until all we could manage for dessert was the fresh fruit macedonia. Even the *vino della casa* was superb, to say nothing of the coffee and grappa we had after dessert.

When my wife and I got off the train at the Piramide station in Rome, we decided to work off lunch by walking back the three miles to the hotel. Chris Check and some of the college students took the long way home by going to see churches in Trastevere.

The six young students, in combination with seasoned travelers like Mrs. Drennan and Mrs. Augustyn, made the whole week an unusual experience. Through generous donations, we are able to offer partial scholarships, and we further cut the costs by putting them up in a convent used every year by the College of St. Thomas More in Ft. Worth. The kids, apart from my younger son, were all well behaved, though there were some long nights when they joined forces with three Southern businessmen not quite old enough to know better. I think I am happy to be losing the resilience of youth.

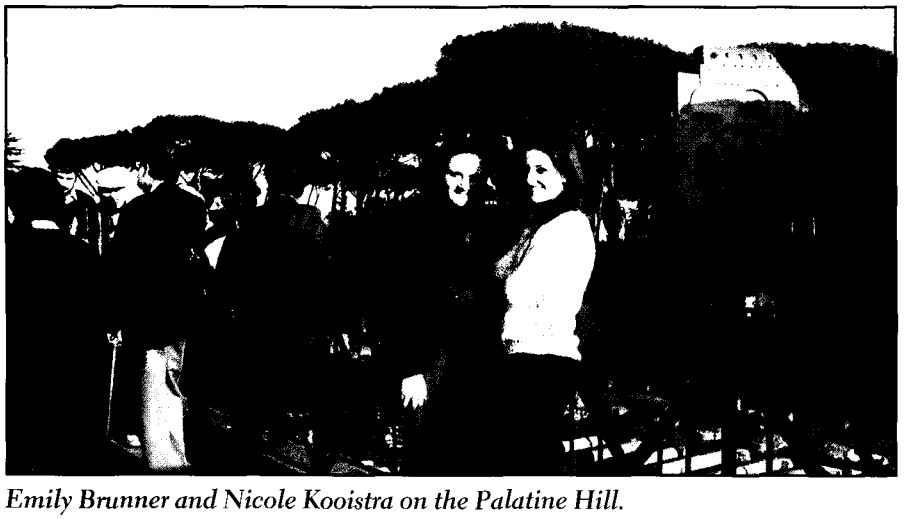
I hardly ever have a bad day in Rome. What do I remember best after six weeks of facing the bleak midwinter in Rockford? Walking through the Forum for the hundredth time—but this time actually understanding the place. Rambling around the Palatine on a sunny afternoon, eating an endless meal at Angellino ai Fori, a once-famous restaurant that has gone back to being simply a good place to eat . . . I do not actually think of food first, though I do typically spend each day looking forward to *cena*. Some of the ladies managed to average more than one dose of *gelato* per day, but I am fastidious and only risk it for the best *produzione artiginale*. One of our best meals was an incredibly cheap dinner with Michael McMahon at a restaurant I refuse to name in public, though I will answer discrete inquiries.

I can describe the meals or outline the lectures and programs, but to get the flavor of our Rome Convivium, you would have to spend one dinner talking Texas politics with Tom Pauken and tax policy (American and Roman) with David Hartman, sit at the next dinner with Alberto Carosa and Rob Moynihan (of *Inside the Vatican*) plotting papal succession, and the following night table-hopping from Prof. Andrew Fraser expounding on Australian immigration questions to Roberto de Mattei (special advisor to the Italian foreign minister and vice chairman of the Council on Research) explaining Italy's role in the European Union to Peter Stanlis explaining natural-law theory—or making bad puns to Mrs. Drennan—and ending up with a group of young men who seem to have no trouble striking up conversations with charming young women, though I might wish their conversation had been a little quieter beneath my window the last night at 3:00 A.M. I began to regret the upgrade to a sumptuous corner room.

One night sipping cognac in the hotel, I discovered that we were making history. The hotel manager, an Italian of Greek extraction, came over to inform David Hartman that his was the last cigar that could ever be smoked in the bar of the Hotel Forum. The European Union had finally imposed its will on the freedom-loving Italians. "This country is finished," he declared sadly. But it is not: Rome survived the Vandals and Visigoths, and it will survive the European Union, and if, to smoke my cigar, I have to make a little *passeggiata* through Roma antica—past the Theater of Marcellus, up through the restored Portico of Octavia to Vecchia Roma and the old Jewish Ghetto—I can scarcely complain. We mortal generations come and go, as Homer told us, like leaves in the wind, but Rome endures. c

Emily Brunner

Dr. James Patrick explains the Baroque jewel, Sant'Ivo.



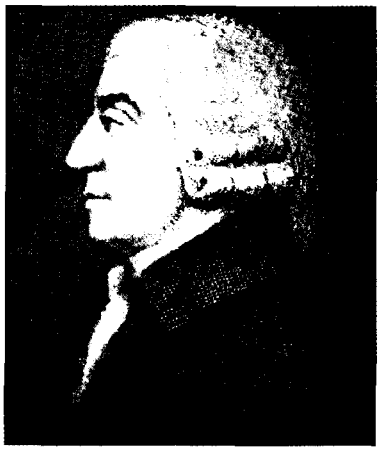
Christopher Check

Emily Brunner and Nicole Kooistra on the Palatine Hill.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Rockford Institute presents

"Walter Scott *Versus* the Scottish Enlightenment"



Join
Chronicles editor
Thomas Fleming,
Rockford Institute vice president
Christopher Check,
and special guest
Emory University professor of philosophy and David Hume scholar
Donald Livingston
for

an International Convivium

Edinburgh

May 22-27, 2005

Visit David Hume's and Adam Smith's graves.

Walk the medieval Royal Mile from Edinburgh Castle to Holyrood Palace.

See Edinburgh's New Town, the first modern city in Europe.

Dine at the home of Alexander Dick, a wealthy merchant who entertained Hume, Smith, and the Edinburgh literati.

Excursions to:

The Border Country
Roslin Chapel
The Jacobite Traquair House
Walter Scott's Abbotsford
Melrose Abbey
Dryburgh Abbey
Jedburgh Abbey

Plenty of free time for shopping and private sightseeing and dining.

Scholars on the right blame the Enlightenment for the social and political ills that plague our times. In the eyes of these same critics, however, the Scottish Enlightenment of David Hume and Adam Smith merits praise for a less radical approach to questions of personal liberty and for an enthusiasm for free markets. Is this a reasonable analysis of the two Enlightenments? At least one man did not think so: Sir Walter Scott, whose body of work, including a remarkable biography of Napoleon, was a reaction to the French and Scottish Enlightenments. The Convivium will include sightseeing in the city that Robert Louis Stevenson described as "what Paris was meant to be." Edinburgh, with its medieval Royal Mile and its Enlightenment New Town, is an ideal location for contemplating the tension between medieval and modern.

The price for the Convivium includes five nights (arrive May 22; checkout on May 27) at the Royal Terrace Hotel, full breakfast, four group meals, all lectures and discussions, and selected excursions and entrance fees. For more information contact Christopher Check, executive vice president, at (815) 964-5811.

Reserve Your Place Today!

Registration Rates: ❑ Single: $2,095.00 ❑ Couple: $3,195.00

I would like to help sponsor a young student. Enclosed is my gift of_____.
(For a gift of $500.00 or more, we will send you a complete set of the audiotapes from the Convivium.)

Name(s)_____

Address_____

City, State, Zip_____

Phone, Fax, E-mail_____

Send registration form with payment to:
The Rockford Institute
Edinburgh Convivium
928 North Main Street, Rockford, Illinois 61103
Or pay by credit card by calling Cindy Link at (815) 964-5813

Please do not delay registering. Registration is limited and is on a first-come, first-serve basis. Previous convivia have sold out.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED